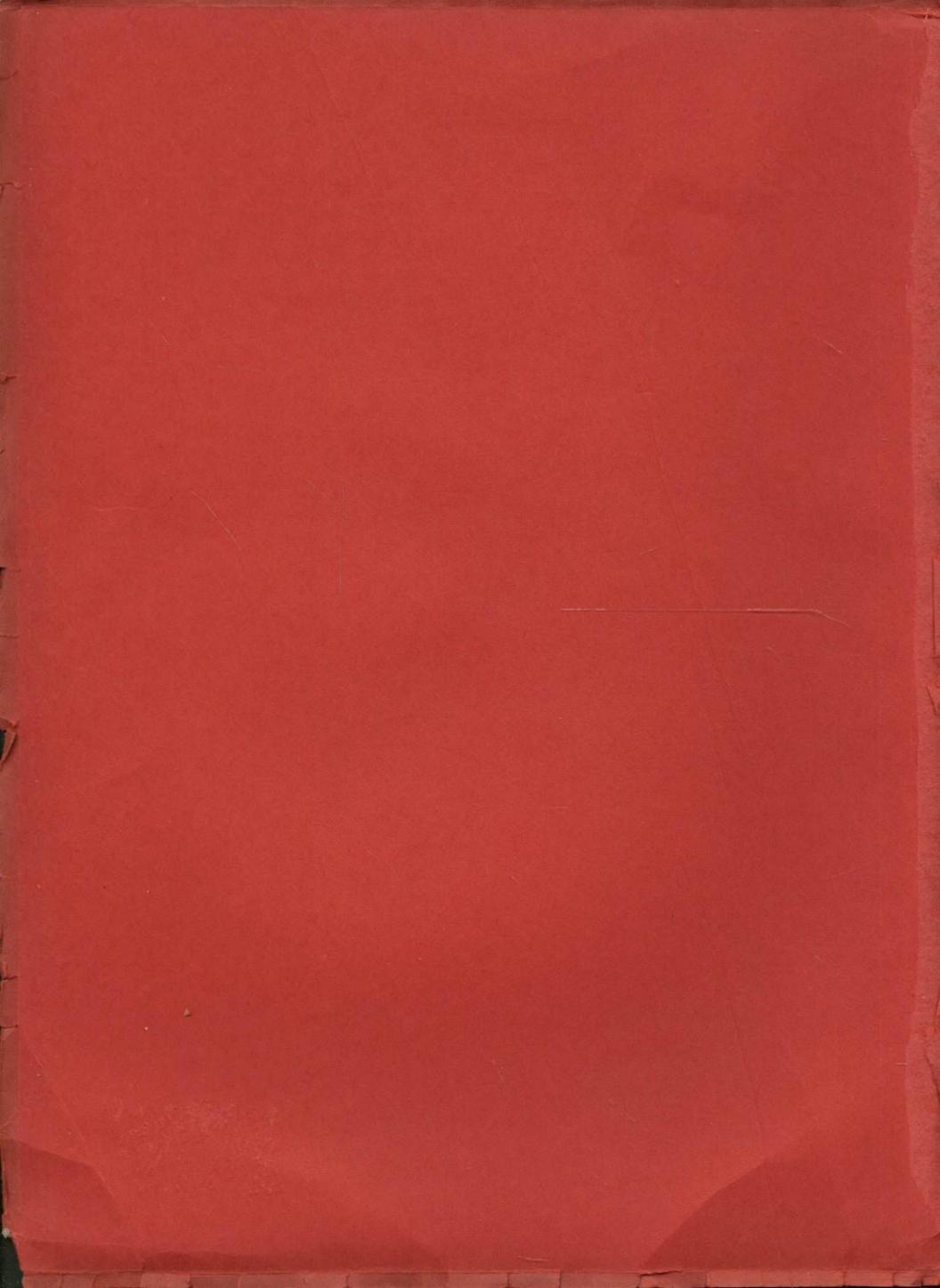
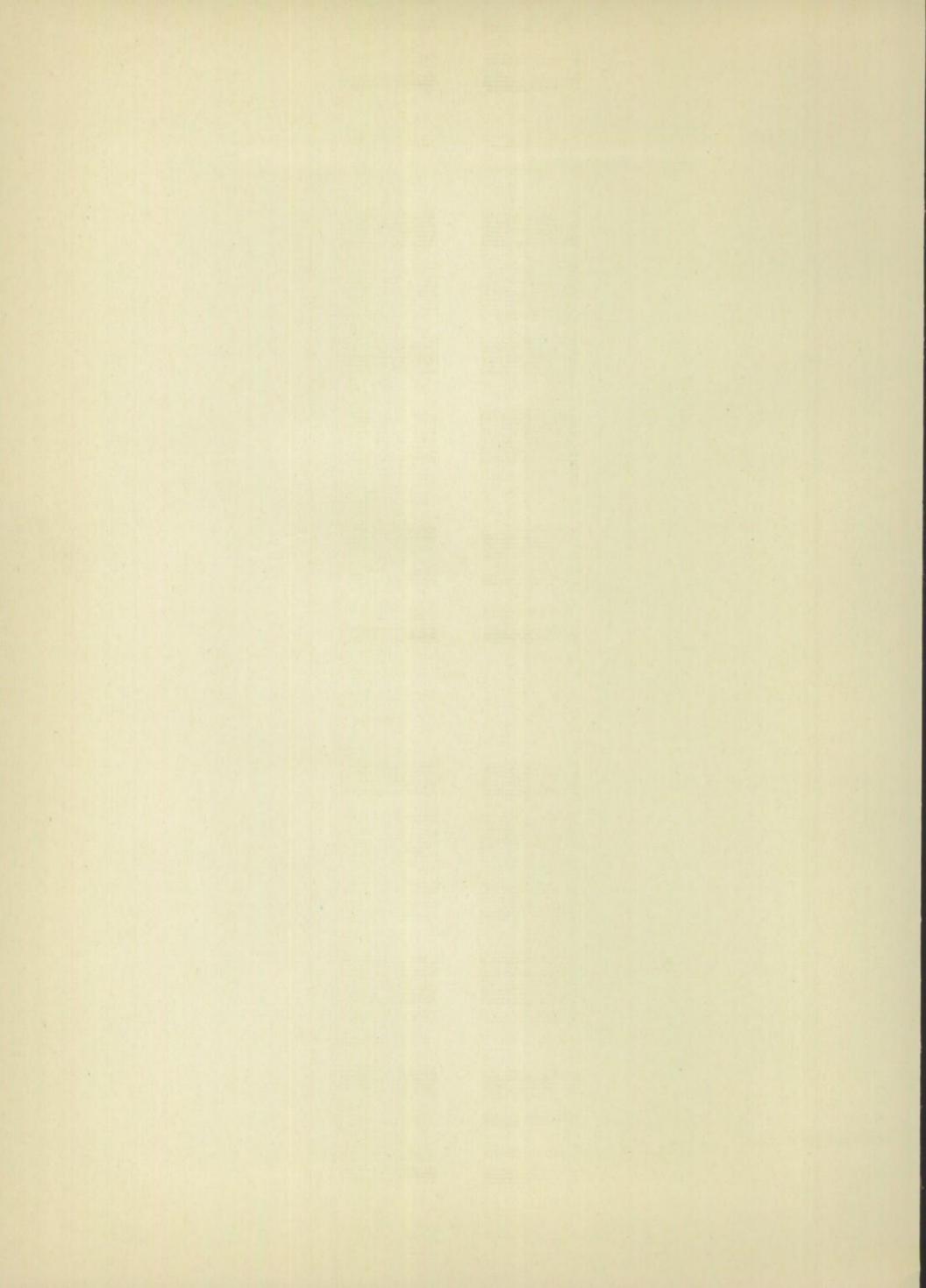
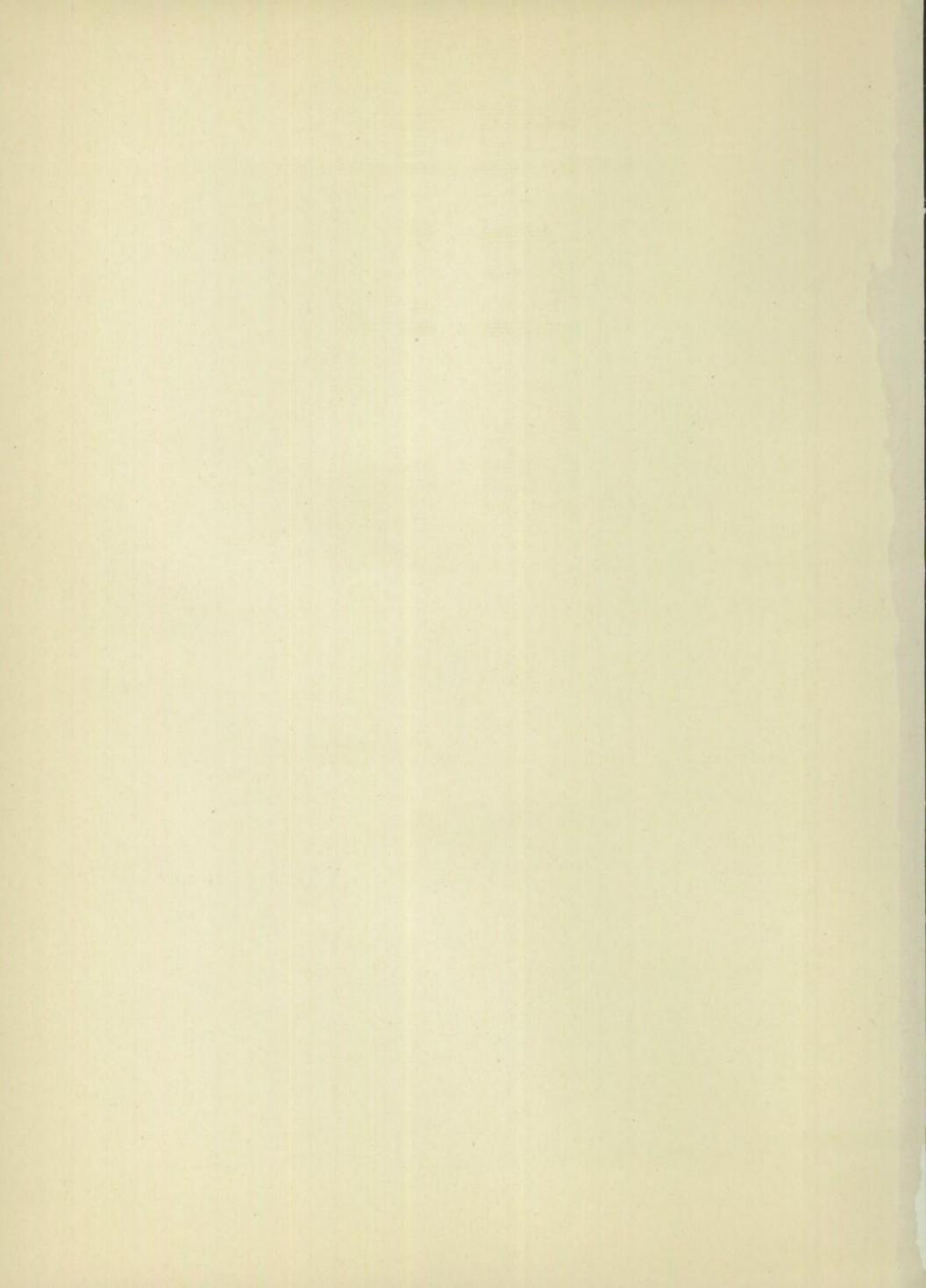
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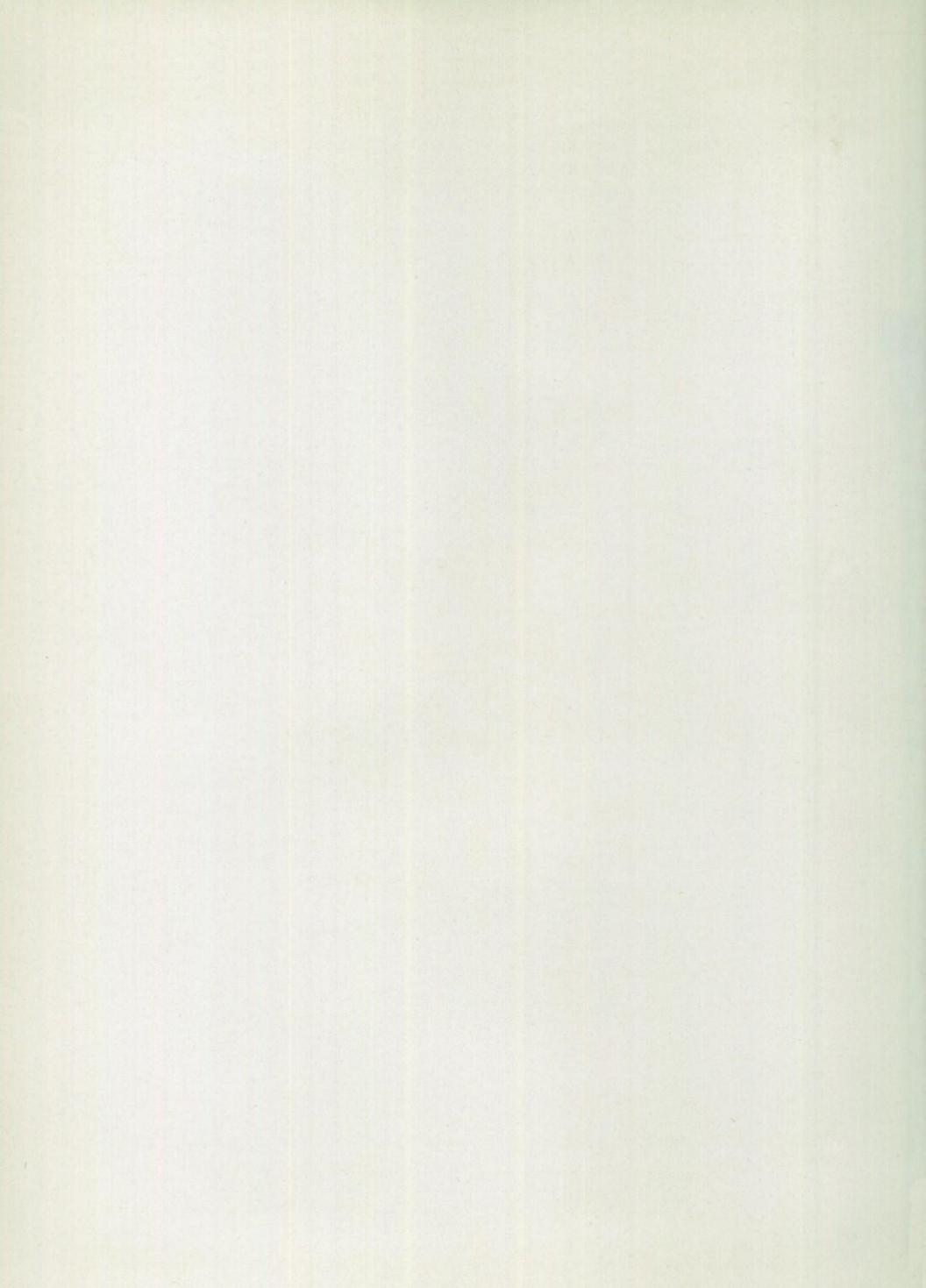
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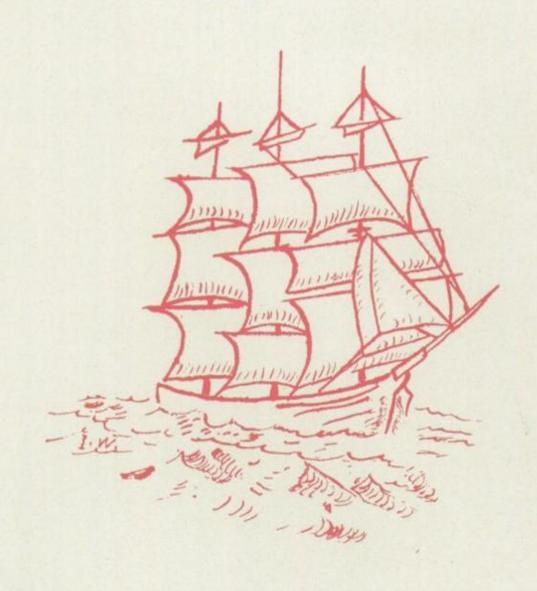






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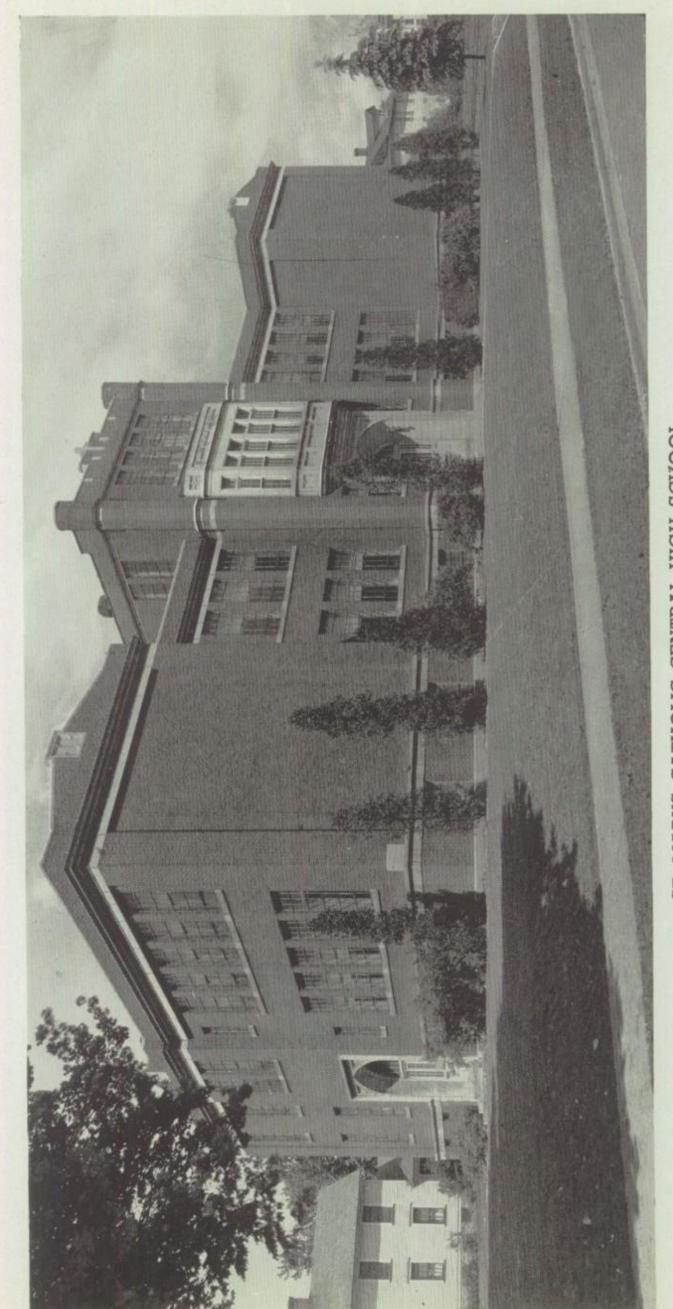
VOL. XVI—1945



Edited by

• THE SENIOR CLASS • ST. MARYS CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

ST. MARYS, PENNSYLVANIA



ST. MARYS CATHOLIC CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

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for

Numerous Blessings Bestowed

We,

the Graduating Class of 1945, Gratefully

Dedicate

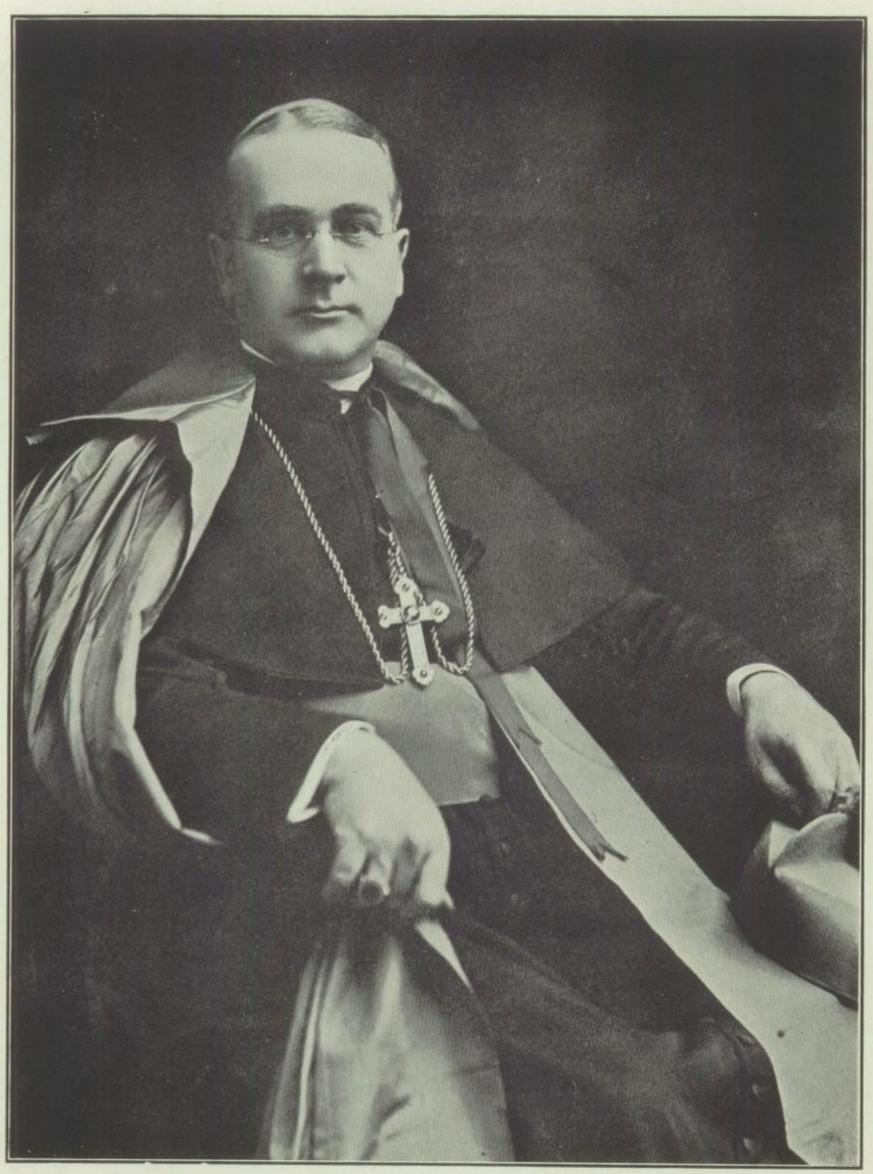
to

His Excellency, John Mark Gannon

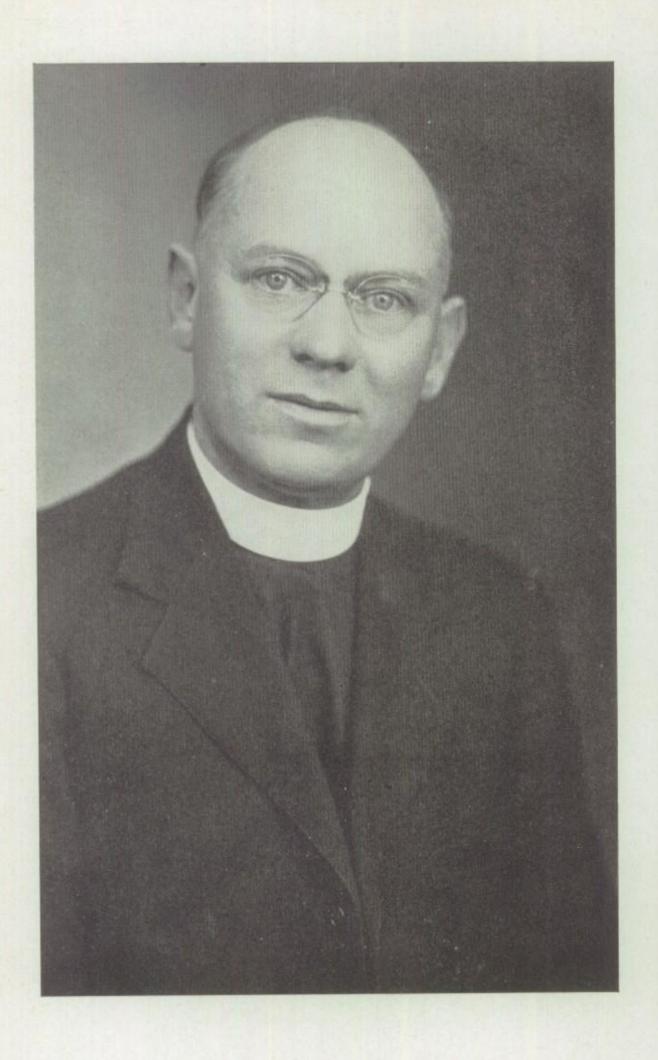
Bishop of Erie

This Sixteenth Volume of our Year Book

The Memo.



Most Reverend JOHN MARK GANNON, D. D., D. C. L., LL.D.
Bishop of Erie

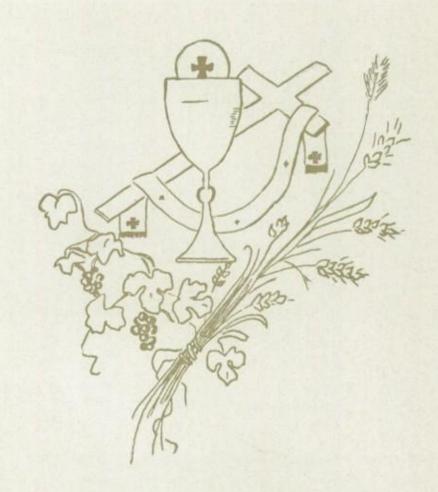


and the second

Very Reverend Father Timothy, O.S.B.

Prior and Pastor of St. Marys Church

St. Marys Parish





BENEDICTINE MONASTERY



Reverend Father Henry, O.S.B.

Pastor of Sacred Heart Church

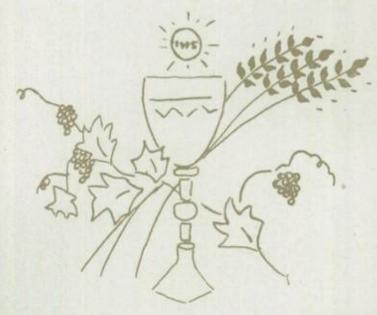
Sacred Heart Parish





SACRED HEART RECTORY





REVEREND FATHER BONIFACE, O.S.B.

A PRAYER FOR PRIESTS

Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord, Keep them, for they are Thine— Thy Priests whose lives burn out before Thy consecrated shrine.

Keep them, and comfort them in hours Of loneliness and pain, When all their life of sacrifice For souls seems but in vain. Keep them, for they are in the world,
Though from the world apart,
When earthly pleasures tempt, allure—
Shelter them in Thy heart.

Keep them, and O remember, Lord, They have no one but Thee, Yet they have only human hearts, With human frailty.

Keep them as spotless as the Host—
That daily they caress—
Their every word and thought and deed,
Deign, dearest Lord, to bless.
Selected.



REVEREND FATHER DAVID, O.S.B.



REVEREND FATHER RICHARD, O.S.B.



REVEREND FATHER LUCIAN, O.S.B.



All Enjoy Thy Shady Nooks



CLASS MOTTO

Today We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?

FLOWERS

Tea Rose and Lily-of-the-Valley

CLASS COLORS
Cardinal Red and Gold

CENSORS

Senior Class Teachers

CLASS OFFICERS

President			. Charles Fleming
First Vice President		+ 1	. Mary Krellner
Second Vice Presiden	t .		. Regis Hacherl
Secretary			. Rose Mary Hoehn
Assistant Secretaries		•	. Ivan Wortman Irene Hacherl
Treasurer			Loretta Hoffman
Assistant			. John Dailey







mercial subjects predicts success.

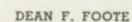
REGIS A. HACHERL

A character of sterling qualities, honest, upright and sincere, such is Regsi. He is vice president of his class and certainly deserves the honor. Associate editor of our annual, he gives freely of his time and energy. A member of the science class, he finds application of his knowledge in a garage. Regis is a home-loving boy, devoted to his mother. Studious at school, a hard worker, a faithful attendant at holy mass, he gives promise of naking good whatever his calling n life. Our best wishes go with Regis.



GEORGE F. SCHLIMM

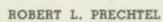
George never lags on a job. tudious and attentive at school, lert in the laboratory, a willing elper in emergency, a regular stendant at holy mass and among he first at school in the early forning are some of his assets, the is gentlemanly in manners, a leasant companion, devoted to his ome. In spite of his employment fiter class hours, he finds time to tudy in the evenings and so meets ith success at school. No one wer need regret giving George a mance.



Dean is the efficient editor of our school paper, and class prophet for the year 1945. He is a cheerful, riendly lad and greets every one with a hearty "hello." His prophecies predict good things for all his classmates. An extensive reader, he can converse interestingly on many topics; and being a lover of books, he does not stop with assignments in his texts. He aims at getting a college degree and will make good without fail. Outside of class hours he is interested in athletics where he serves as time keeper for the varsity.

W. IVAN WORTMAN

A quiet student, an industrious worker, an outstanding athlete, is Wortman. As class artist he is much in demand for his sketches. Problems in science hold his interest and he generally finds a solution for them. Patience is one of his outstanding qualities. "Try, try again, you'll succeed at last" seems to be his motto. At his drawings, sketches, games, everywhere, his untiring efforts and perseverance are remarkable and his success unfailing.



Associate editor of the high school paper, Robert has shown himself capable and full of interest in the work before him. He never lags on the job, putting in many extra-curricular hours to assure the prompt appearance of the Bi-Weekly. As student manager of the basketball teams he met with good success and was liked by the students. He is class historian for this year. At school he follows the science course with interest but aeronautics takes the preference, in which study and tests he comes out on top. Perhaps some day will see him a flyer.

EARL C. HAUBER

Tall, efficient, business-like are some of the appellations heard, in reference to Earl. His quick stride would indicate that whatever he sets out to do will be done with energy and dispatch. On the staff of our Bi-Weekly as business manager, he fills his post with credit. As editor of the Memo, he with his staff, made special efforts to put out a worthwhile publication. At school, he follows the science course. Already enlisted in the Air Corps, he will serve Uncle Sam in this capacity. May he, as expressed by another aviator, "feel very near to God" when above the clouds!

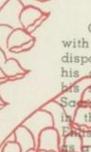






HERBERT J. STRAUB

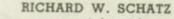
Herbert is president of the Stulents' Mission Crusade and preides with dignity and effect. As ruard and captain on the varsity eam he has shown exceptional enthusiasm and has proved himelf a true athlete. He is popular mong his schoolmates and is a riend of all. Daily at holy mass and school, and a faithful server t the altar from his earliest years is perseverance and consequent uccess can be relied upon. Among is studies he prefers science and rill probably seek his future work n that field.



CHARLES E. FLEMING

Charles is our class president and fills that office with credit to himself and school. Of a cheerful, kindly disposition, he knows how to win the cooperation of his classmates. He is courteous and obliging toward bis superiors, and devoted to our Lord in the Blessed Sameent, whom he serves daily at the altar. Faithful in the past we doubt not his fidelity in the future. charted in the Air Corps, he aims to serve his country s a first class pilot and, once there, will surely steer a

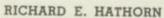




Richard is a commercial student and pursues his course quietly, thoughtfully and with success. He never fails to carry his books with him for home study, and returns to school with his assignments well prepared. Unassuming, kind and cheerful—sullenness has no part in his disposition-he enjoys the friendship of all. For pastime he seeks the great outdoors which holds exceptional attractions for him. His life's work will probably be in an office.

JOHN E. DAILEY

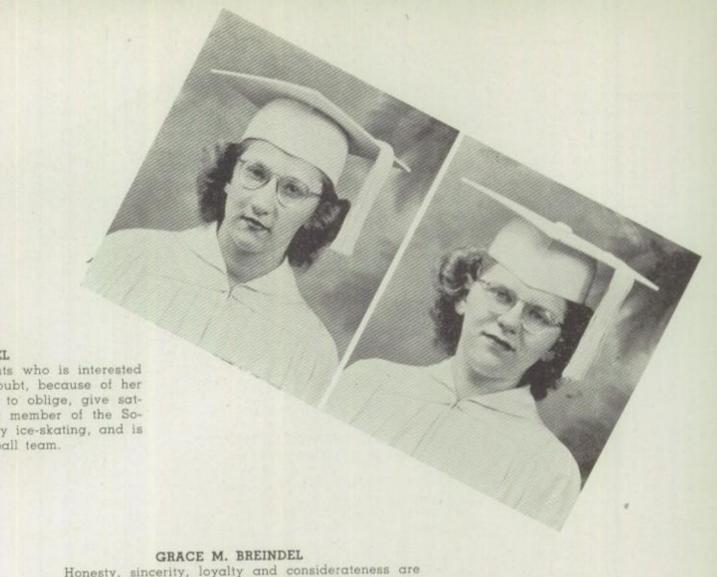
Jack is a leader and a good sport. eing captain and guard of the asketball teams he has repeatedly own his ability to cheer up his empanions and generally with arked success. Besides being an thusiast in athletics, Jack takes eat pleasure in hunting and fishg in the pursuit of which he ows marked skill. He is quite wout in his religious exercises, is ean of speech, willing to lend a lpful hand to those in need, and chummy with all. Among his adies he prefers mathematics.



"Overflowing with life and energy", must be said of Richard. Nothing seems more difficult than to keep from moving about and putting his hand to some work of his choice. As advertising manager of our year book he has done an excellent job; (his patience and skill in preparing material for the engraver was unsurpassed). Richard is sincere, a true friend, and always ready to forgive. He has marked talents which he will apply effectively to the work of his choice, in future.

DONALD A. WIESNER

Of Don it may be said, "precious things are put up in small packages". He is low in stature but high in ambition. He is the only boy in his class that had the courage and perseverance to put in four years of Latin; he boasts a good vocabulary, and loves to enter into debate on disputed subjects among his classmates. He will probably take up Law in the future where he will find ample opportunity to exercise his debating skill. His hobby is photography, in which art he has been helpful to his classmates.



LUCY T. DANIEL

One of the Commercial students who is interested in her work, and who will, no doubt, because of her courteous manner and willingness to oblige, give satisfaction in any office. Lucy is a member of the Sodality, delights in sports, especially ice-skating, and is an ardent supporter of our basketball team.

> Honesty, sincerity, loyalty and considerateness are some of Grace's fine qualities. In preparation for the profession of Nursing in which she hopes to engage, she is seriously applying herself to the Academic course. Home and clerical duties, reading and bowling occupy Grace's leisure time.



FLAVIUS C. WICKS

""Great oaks from small acoms grow" may be verified in Wicks. Small in stature but bright in studies he may become great in achievement. He takes the science course and manages to keep up his grades although much of his time is taken by work on the farm, from which he daily comes to school by bus. Perhaps, some day will find him achieving wonders in scientific farming. Flavius is apt, business-like, ambitious, and always friendly.

ROBERT LOUSCHEL

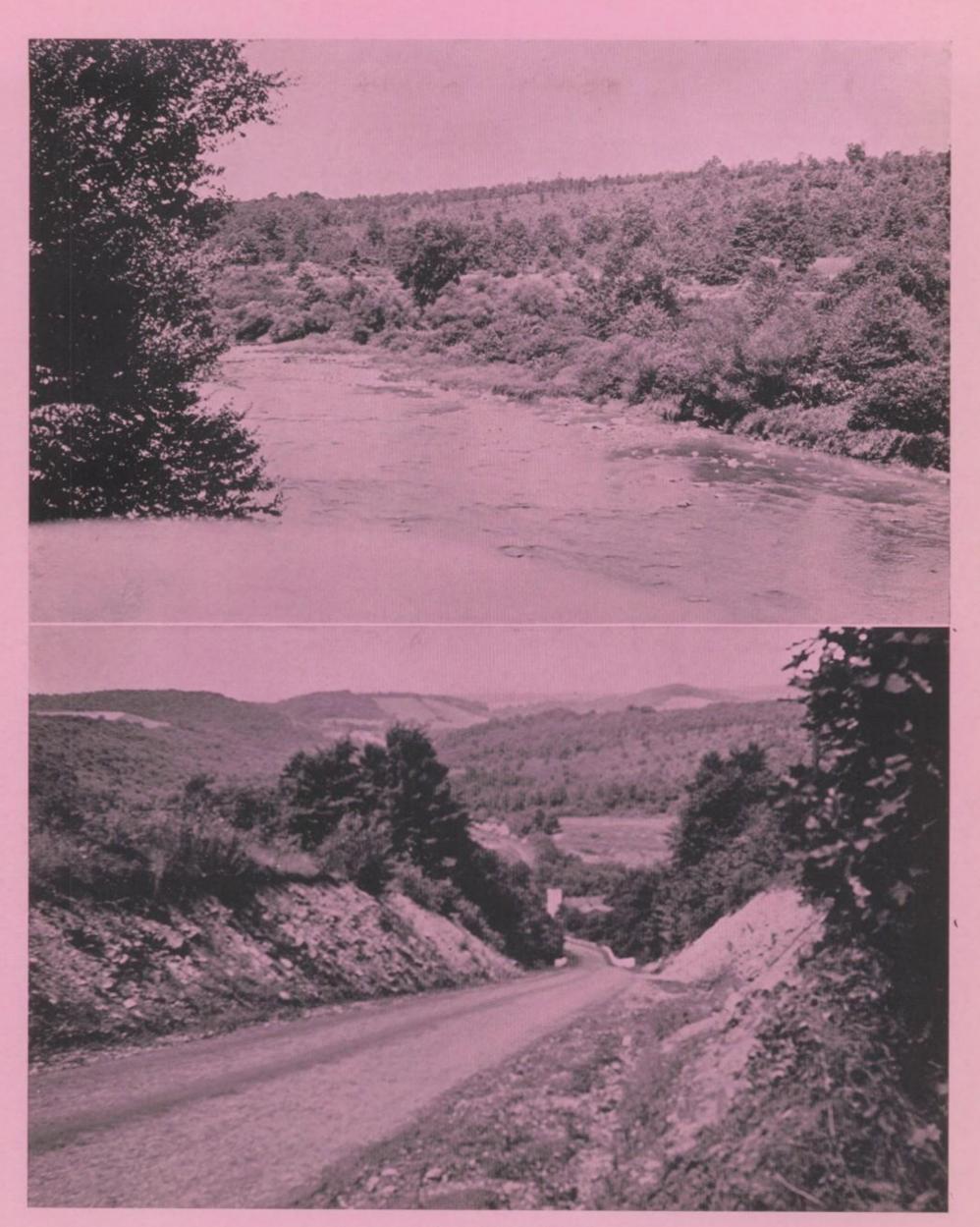
Brimful of fun and ever ready for a good time, yet, withal, respectful toward his elders and always ready to oblige, is true of Robert. His friendly smile helps to dispel the clouds on a gloomy day. At school, Rob takes the commercial course and will in future, probably spend his days at an office desk. Even now he spends considerable time helping his father in the store. His hobby is photography, and as a member of the camera club, takes pleasure helping his fellow students.



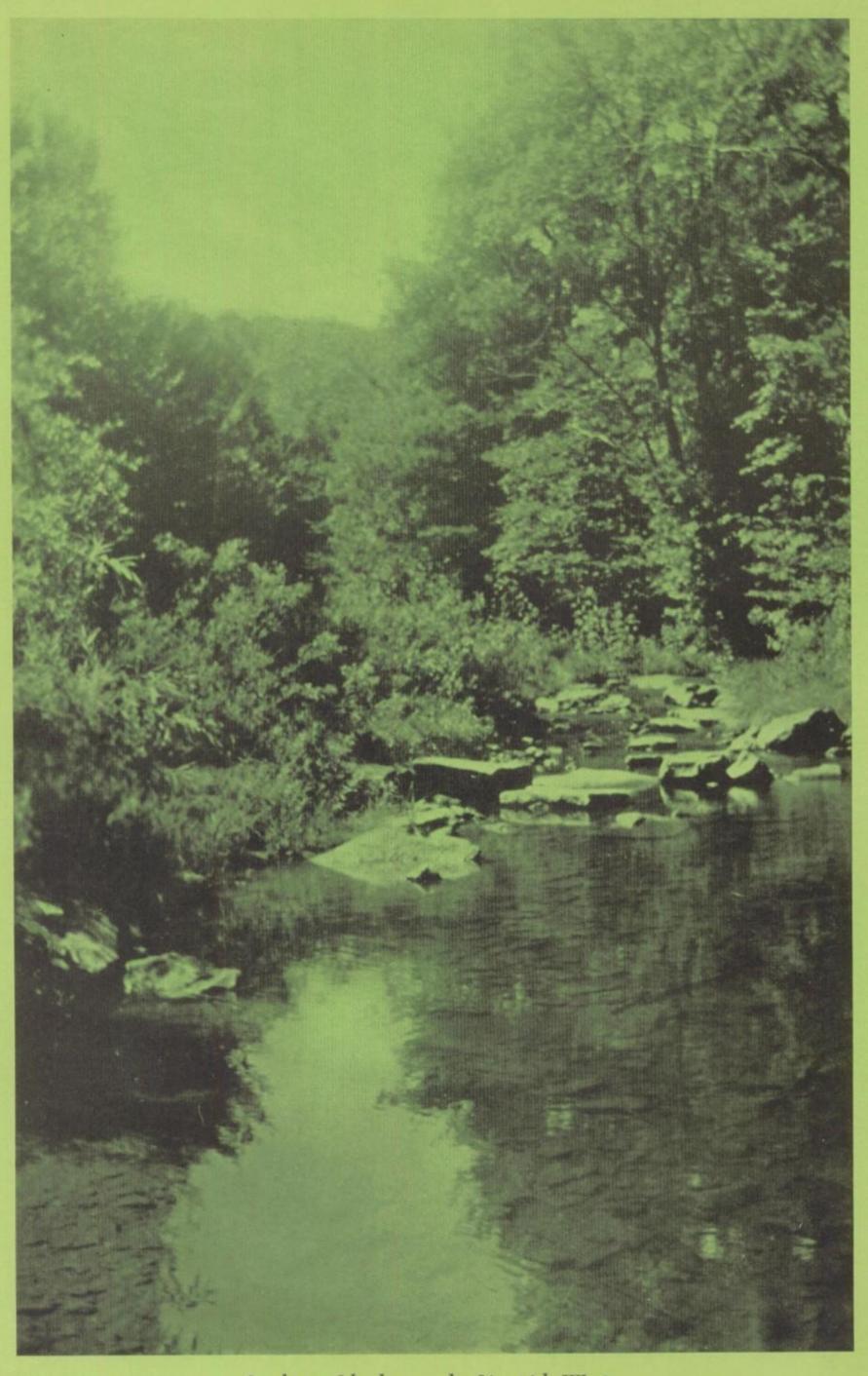
Winter in Its Glory



Summer Camp Scenes



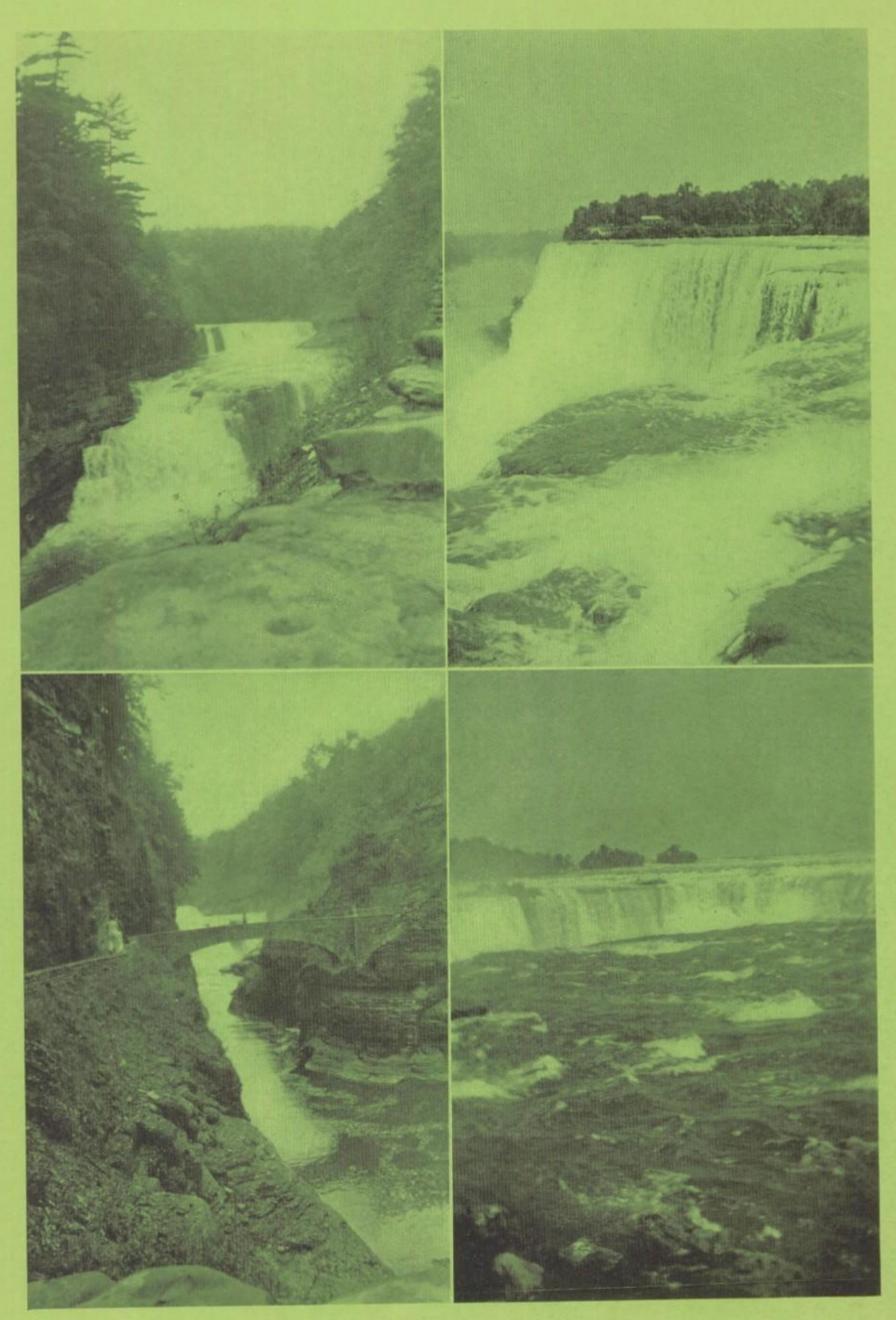
Scenes Along Our Highway



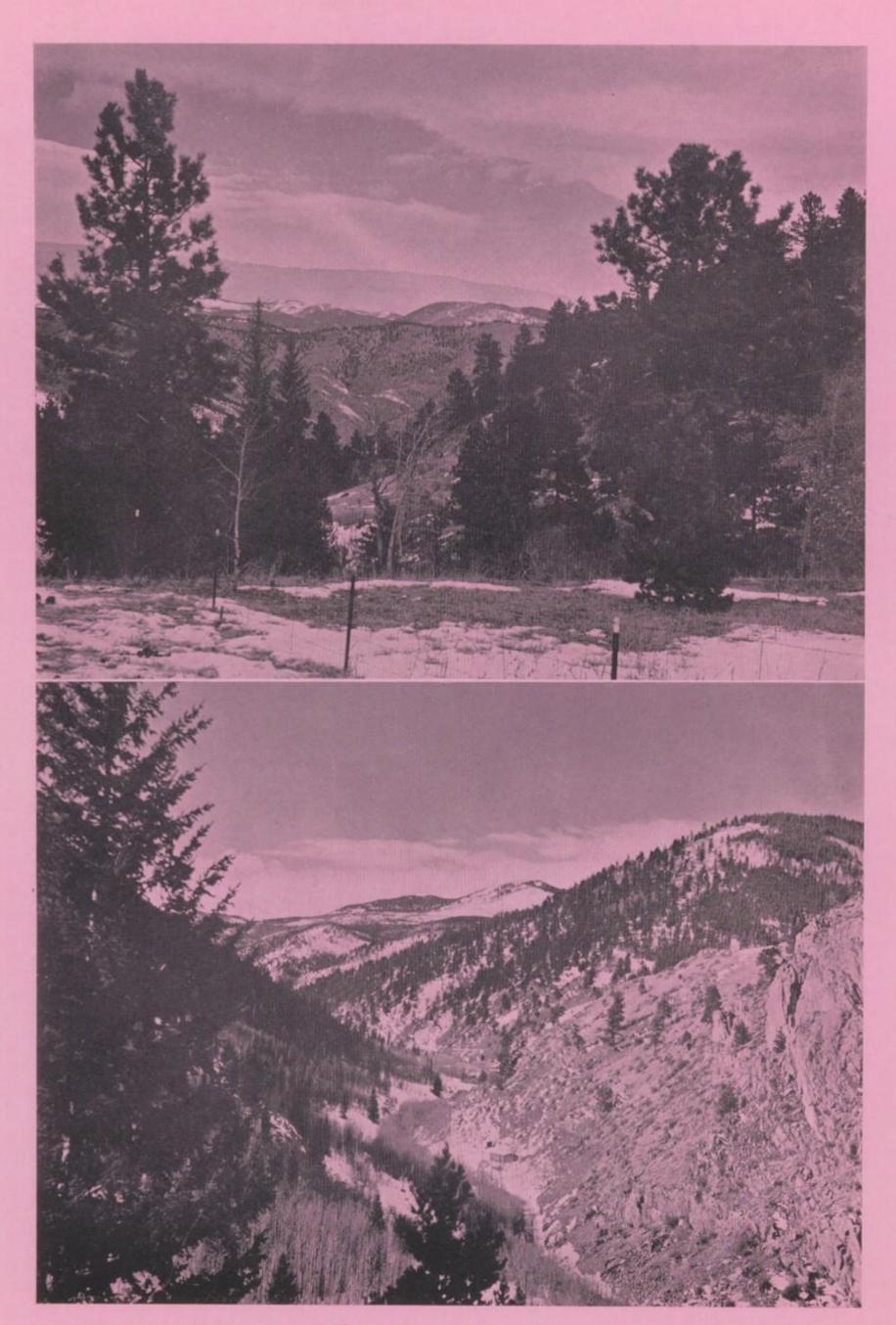
Cooling Shades and Limpid Waters



Evergreens Decked in Spotless White



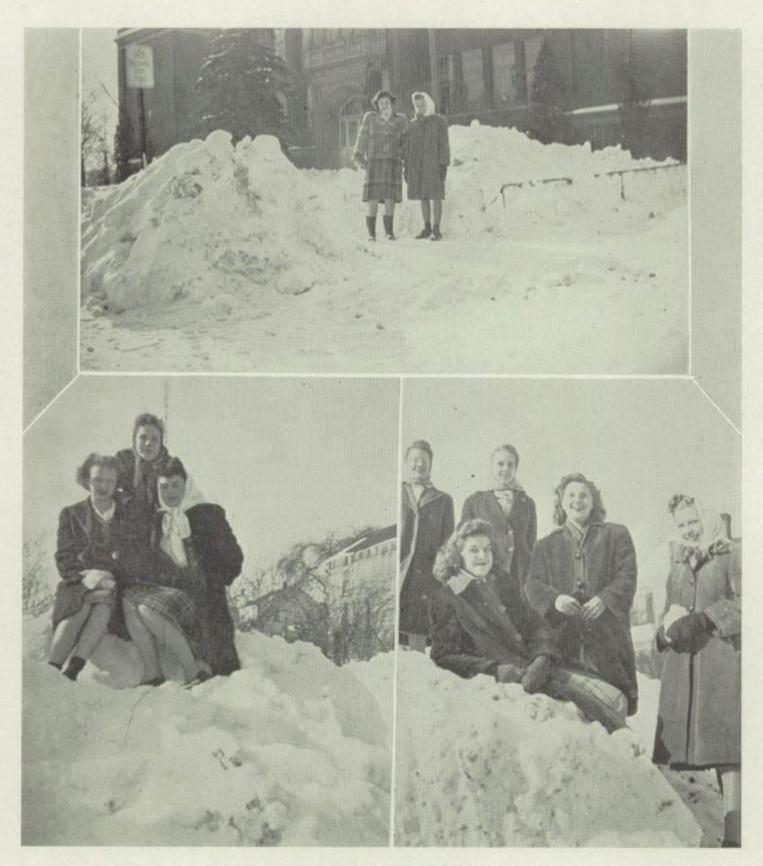
The Lure of the Waters



We Love Thy Mountains and Thy Valleys



Intricacies of the Forest



Enjoying the Unusual Snowfall

GIRLS' CLASS HISTORY

A S far back as the beginning of time itself we find the recordings of historians. Ancient scrolls of parchment meticulously and neatly kept; etchings on stone, a work of art in addition to the chronological value. Our modern methods, of course, are far more simple but equally as important for oncoming ages. The history of our class does not seem very important in comparison with those of the past and, the history now in making of World War II, but to us girls it has a sentimental meaning unsurpassed.

It seems as though it were but yesterday, and yet, as we pause in awed contemplation of our oncoming graduation, we know twelve long, but all too short years have passed since we crossed the threshold of childhood and became proud but bewildered students of the first grade. Never shall we, in the history of all our lives, forget the unusual experience of our first day in school. It was so new to us; becoming acquainted with so many

small girls all at once was startling and some of us even cried for our mothers. But patiently the dear Sisters ironed out our little troubles, and, as peacefully as the evening sun sinks into the west, so sped by our first year in grade school.

A little more experienced class of girls moved into the second grade and this undoubtedly was our most joyous year of all. This was the year we received our first Holy Communion. We spent a good deal of our time studying Catechism, making sacrifices and,

preparing our hearts for the coming of the Saviour.

Now, about eight years of age, we considered ourselves little ladies and found ourselves in the third grade. This year we were introduced to the merit card system. Each time our lessons were prepared well, we received one of those prized cards and with a score of ten cards we gained happily the longed-for holy picture.

Passing into the fourth grade, we took up the Palmer Method system in writing. We enjoyed the hours of practice and our penmanship improved. When we were awarded our

first Palmer Method Badge we were, indeed, in a state of elation.

We shall never forget our introduction to fractions in the fifth grade. We really felt like accomplished mathematicians when we mastered decimals in the sixth grade. The love of ancient Egyptian History in our sixth year was one of the most fascinating subjects we ever studied.

In the seventh grade we prepared our souls for the coming of the Holy Ghost Who would make us strong Christian soldiers of Jesus Christ. This seventh year of ours found the St. Marys Girls out of the grade school building and, new facilities were given us in the gymnasium. The eighth grade, also, was spent in the gymnasium and really the two years spent there were delightful. The basketball floor was above us and thus it was we

developed an entirely new interest in the game of basketball.

Our eighth year was spent mainly in preparing ourselves for high school, and, at last the day came when we triumphantly marched into the freshmen classroom. That year was a very memorable one. During bookweek, our Freshmen English class did its bit to encourage the student body to read good literature by enacting on the stage various scenes from interesting books. After the playlets were over, each Freshman dressed as a character from some book walked across the stage while the high school audience guessed who was represented. Another successful event, sponsored by the Freshmen that year, was a First Friday breakfast. After the high school students heard Mass and received Holy Communion, they went to the Recreation Room to listen to a few short speeches delivered by us Freshmen, and then, they enjoyed the delicious breakfast we had prepared for them.

That year we had the privilege of belonging to the Mission Crusade and we joined our

prayers and sacrifices to help the missions.

A new field was opened to us in our Sophomore year. Geometry, an intriguing study was ours and we learned about the measurement of lines and angles on a plane. Among the memorable events of our Sophomore year were our Biology field trips. We studied nature and wild life not only from books but from mother Nature herself. On one of those excursions in the fall we brought back to the classroom caterpillars woven in their cocoons and watched them develop into beautiful butterflies. We really worked hard for our next title

As Juniors we definitely decided upon which course would help us most in our life's work and we did our best to follow it, either in preparing for Nursing or the commercial field. That year was not without its joys; we happily received our class rings which we shall treasure all our lives.

Finally, the time arrived when we became the Seniors of Central High with our prominent red and gold class hats. How cheerful we werel

The time passed only too swiftly with the many Senior activities. With great enthusiasm we spent six weeks of our time studying the art of cooking in unison with planning

Many of us participated in the exciting game of volleyball and played in the intramural volleyball games. Stenciling and mimeographing were mastered by some of the Senior girls as they spent much time printing the Junior and Senior pages of the Bi-Weekly, our school paper.

We hope that God will shower as many blessings upon us in our future life as the many snowflakes He sent fluttering to the earth this year. We also beg His sweetest benediction upon the benevolent Fathers and loving Sisters in thanksgiving for their many kindnesses bestowed and sacrifices brought to help our class obtain its goal.

Thus fades into the past our own little history of twelve memorable years.

Rose Mary Hoehn.

Lacy Boughs

BOYS' CLASS HISTORY

Now that our school days are soon over we naturally revert to the past and ask ourselves what it all was about, and the why of it. We realize that we had no choice in the matter, nor did our parents; for there is a state law that compels parents to provide an education for their children. For this reason, the State provides schools at public expense and sees to it that her law is enforced. The Catholic Church has always provided means of education for her children and, because she is concerned about the eternal happiness of her little charges, has taken care of her own, that they lack not Christian education. She does not permit a one-sided education which trains only the bodily faculties, but insists that the soul should come in for its just dues. For this reason Catholic schools are provided where at least one period each day is given to the study of religion and one period per week to special instructions by a priest. Besides that, each subject is taught so that we may know the right and the wrong of it in every day practice and in all walks of life. Also that when confronted by the agnostic, the uninstructed or the prejudiced we may be able to defend or explain the faith that is ours. In Catholic school too, the discipline is stricter, and the morals are more closely watched and enforced.

Having answered our first question we proceed to look over the years we have spent at school. When the day dawned on which we were to begin school how did we feel. Some of us clung to our mothers in fear of what was before us, others experienced a thrill, the "Highest in their lives" as expressed by one of the boys, because of an adventure, one that was to last for twelve years. All agree that they did experience some fear as to what was to come until they became acquainted and found their way about. After that school proceeded as all schools do, everything on schedule, class after class, grade after grade as the years passed on. To us, of course, every promotion spelled victory, with perhaps, as great a thrill as that experienced by our soldier boys coming off as victors at the end of a fiercely fought battle. Some events, of course, impressed us more deeply: There was the death of one of our classmates in our second year of school; an operetta in which we took part; a fire we had at school followed by an unexpected free day. Vacations, needless to say, were hailed with more and more enthusiasm as we grew older, yet the return to school each fall had its interests too. Who would be our teachers? What new studies would be offered? What special projects and programs would there be? First Confession, first Holy Communion, Confirmation, preceded by examination in religion by His Excellency, the Bishop, and accompanying priests, each were of the greatest importance to us, and hold memories sacred to each of us. At last the day of graduation from grade school dawned and, the proud possessors of a diploma, we marched home as victors from a battle field.

High school was open to us now—a new experience and a new thrill! Little did we dream how much work lay before us! How different from the grade school all was! A different teacher for each subject, a different room for each recitation, a spacious hall in which to study! Bewildered we followed directions after each ringing of the bell, and wondered "What next?" "Freshies," we were dubbed, and as time went on, the appellation may have suited us in more ways than one. Occasionally the stern look of one of the "sedate seniors" made a "Freshie" cow a little when he became too fresh. Well, we lived through it! Came the Sophomore year! A disappointment awaited us. Classes being too large they had to be divided. For the first time we could not have all our classmates together! Not to be with our chums! The very thought of it! Well, it had to be, and our protests availed nothing! That settled, we got at our studies. Biology, geometry, foreign history, and ancient and modern languages were to be tackled. Anxious to get the education offered, we "dug in." These studies grew in interest as we progressed, and as boys generally like to tackle what is difficult we soon began to vie with each other as to who would come out on top. Biology was filled with interest as plants and animals in turn, under the direction of our capable teacher, displayed the wonders of God's creative hand in the growth of each tiny cell and the wonders of growth and reproduction. Boys, as a rule, do not care for what is too easy. Even as tiny tots they try to outdo each other in conquering difficulties. problems in Geometry and other studies met with our ready interest. Some found the difficulties too great and met with failure; others passed on to the Junior classes. Thrilled? Yes. Just one year more; then seniors and graduation. We now took our choice regarding the special course we wished to pursue. Of the four offered, the Commercial, the Classical or Academic, the Science, and the Regular, the Commercial and the Scientific claimed the greater numbers.

Athletics, dramatics, social events, also claimed our attention more and more as time went on. Much to the teachers' distress as interest in these events progressed, the studies were losing out. Those most interested in athletics found little or no time for study and in place of the 90 percents were found numbers in the 70's. However, as game after game was won, enthusiasm grew, thrills became greater, and school routine held less attraction. Some of us, of course, held on to our work to finish high school with as high marks as possible and so passed our junior year with credit.

Now we are in our senior year. It holds new interests, and some anxieties. Besides our studies and regular class room duties four committees in turn take charge of our high school publication, the C. H. S. Bi-Weekly, staffed by senior volunteers. Our year book, the Memo, takes school and extra-curricular time to bring it up to the highest standard possible; our class pennants, designed by one of the class artists; our caps and colors each give us a thrill of their own. For financing the year book all eagerly solicited ads, trying to outdo each other in the amount collected. Our photographers of the camera club and others took snaps, provided landscapes and other pictures or procured them from friends of the school. We feel certain our annual will be one of the best ever issued. Soon graduation day dawns. What then? Service in the ranks where in the defense of our country we shall have our courage and patriotism put to a test. Some have already enlisted, one is gone before us, others will follow. Thus ends our school career with its immediate prospects. What will follow, time will tell.

George Schlimm Robert Prechtel.



Our Home Town

SENIOR GIRLS' PROPHECY

In fancy one often covers a wide area, one idea closely following in the range of the other. Thus it was, as I sat musing one day. The future of the Senior girls flitted through my mind, and as far as I can recall, the girls were represented in the manner that I shall now describe.

I had been engrossed in reading when I paused to gaze out of a nearby window. There I saw a lost parcel lying on the street. In fancy I was hurrying to pick up the package and to overtake the owner when I heedlessly came in contact with an automobile that was speeding my way. The result was that an ambulance had to be called and I was rushed off to a large city hospital.

When I regained consciousness I was aware of the odor of antiseptic. Upon slowly opening my eyes I was confronted by four white walls. Hearing a rustle I turned my head and saw, of all things—a nurse, who when turning her smiling countenance toward me I recognized instantly as Sarah Schieler. After we had exchanged greetings, she summoned Dr. Loretta Hoffman. Grace Briendel, Directress of the Red Cross, being in the hospital at the time, accompanied Dr. Hoffman to my room. The best of medical attention was given me but I was destined to spend several days convalescing.

Upon my discharge, in the hospital elevator, I beheld Corinne Decker, now a competent anesthetist. Free of duty for the rest of the day she agreed to accompany me on a shopping tour.

Upon entering the showroom of an exclusive fashion store, Mary McMackin, head designer of this establishment, came toward us. Also within view was Valentina Riddle who was modeling gowns for a few prominent members of society, one of whom was Theresa Wiesner, a new star in the television world. Theresa welcomed us but had to hurry to her broadcast rehearsal, so Corinne and I went on our way to a Beauty Salon. Here Corinne bade farewell.

At the Salon I recognized Irene Wortman as the receptionist. She pleasantly said, "You may have an appointment immediately." The beautician was Doris Frank and while she set my hair, another former classmate, Mabel Sorg, gave me a manicure. During that hour we had an enjoyable visit, reminiscing old school days.

Leaving the Beauty Salon I engaged a hotel suite in New York city. Passing through the hotel lobby I noticed a crowd of people and peering into their midst I beheld Mary Krellner signing autographs. When she finally discovered me she warmly greeted me and showed me her precious violin which had been heard throughout the world. Mary informed me that she was guest star at the Metropolitan. She had returned from Vienna especially to make this appearance because our mutual friend of long ago, Jeanne Krellner, was singing there in "Carmen."

Then I telephoned and reserved a box seat for the performance that evening. I went early to the Metropolitan because I wished to explore the interior. Accidentally I found myself in the outer office of the producer where Teresa Schaut was private secretary.

With Teresa for my guide I met everyone of importance there. She contacted me with Irene Hacherl, pianist in the orchestra. My reserve seat was in the same box with Mary Alyce Lenze, a noted critic. After the performance I went backstage and met Martha Lenze, supervisor of the stage settings. Martha invited me to help her select some new furnishings for the stage.

The next morning, not having found satisfactory commodities, Martha asked to see the purchasing agent. Lucy Daniel appeared, a very trim and efficient executive. With the promise to order the desired articles immediately, we went to lunch at Zita Haller's "Coffee Room." Upon entering we were aware of the magic touch that only Zita could have.

As we were having lunch, Mary Grace Keim, Secretary of New York Welfare Society, approached and after greetings were exchanged she induced us to buy tickets to a Charity Festival. Monica Lucanik was starred as "Queen of the Ice." Doris Paar, was to open

the ceremonies with a poem she had composed especially for the occasion. Doris Krug, superintendent of a Children's Hospital, was guest speaker.

Leaving the festival, I took a taxi to the airport. Mercedes Shields courteously assisted me to my place on the plane. Miss Shields was a stewardess of the United States Airlines. Directly opposite me on the plane sat Rosemary Hoehn. She said she was going back to the University of California where she was Professor of Chemistry. Rosemary showed me a magazine cover designed by Rosemary Werner. As the trip progressed we were treated with delicacies from Martha Meier's "Candy Kitchen."

Reaching my destination, San Francisco, I bade farewell to Rosemary, and was met by my friend Erma Nissel, now a celebrated composer of the latest song hits. The beautiful corsage presented to me by Erma had been made up at Anna Eichmiller's florist shop, the best in San Francisco.

As we were leaving the airport Esther Dippold was buying a ticket East, bent on interviewing a publisher as she had just completed her seventh novel.

Doris Wilhelm, who was private secretary to the President of the Airlines, was leaving her office to take a statement to Theresa Leithner, an income tax expert.

In the city of the Golden Gate accommodations had to be secured so we selected the City Hotel, knowing that our stay there would be pleasant, due to the hospitality of Eileen Hanes, the hostess.

As quickly as a flash of lightning my wanderings ceased. I realized that within a brief space of time I had seen all of my classmates of 1945. Each had distinguished herself in her own particular vocation. I was proud to know them as my classmates whom I would treasure for life.

BOYS' CLASS PROPHECY

RUISING along at the rate of five hundred miles per hour in my super electronic airship, the year being 1965, and having a few spare moments I decided to switch on my television time projector to take a look at the past. Accidentally my finger flipped the time switch to 1945. As I moved my hand to reset the switch the number struck a familiar chord in my mind.

"Why, that is the year 1945, the year that I graduated from high school. It has been twenty years since I last saw my old schoolmates. I wonder what they are doing now. How well I remember them: Jack, Herb, Earl and Dick, Bob, Donald, Ivy, Flavius, Regis, Charles, Richard, Boomer, and George. It seems like yesterday that we were together at school. I think I shall look in on them."

I put the switch back on 1965 and took out my International Directory. "I wonder what Jack Daily is doing now", I thought. I paged through the directory until I came to his name. His identification number was 17830. I set my dials at those numbers and turned on the switch. Instantly the screen in front of me lit up and an image appeared on it. I focused it to the proper depth when there before my eyes appeared Jack, former classmate of mine and looking none the worse for his twenty years of life than when he was captain of the basketball team. But, what was this? I could not believe my eyes. Here he was standing with a basketball in his hand, just as I had seen him many times twenty years ago. I focused my apparatus for more depth and sure enough there he was, not playing, but coaching the nationally-known Rocketeers who recently beat the English champion team. Upon closer examination of the team, whom should I find as the star forward, but Flavius Wicks. I watched the team practice for a while and then decided to look up my old friend Bob Prechtel. A flick of the wrist, a little focusing, and there he was, surrounded by wires, tubes, coils, meters, and lights, and working over a large machine which I recognized because of the publicity it had received as the latest device for interplanetary communication.

I could see that Robert was so busy that I decided to leave without speaking with him. As I went out of the office by focus I noticed on his office door, "Robert L. Prechtel, Chief Electric Engineer, General Electric Company."

Wait! What was that? I refocused my machine and sure enough, there, just entering Bob's shop, was Charles Fleming, consulting engineer for General Electric.

I glanced at the instruments on my panel and realized I was reaching New York, my first stop. I shut off my television and made preparations to land. There to my surprise had just landed a government plane from Australia in which sat Dick Hathorn who had just arrived from a mission for the United States government.

While observing the new airfield, the largest and best-equipped in the world, and while my ship was rolling to a stop, whom should I find standing in front of me but Herby Straub, another old classmate. "Well, Herby, it has been a long time since I saw you. What are you doing?" He replied, "I am the new aeronautical engineer in charge of this airfield." Most of the plans have been drafted by Robert Leuschel who has been in the employment of the government since the peace treaty of World War II. I did not have much time to talk but was glad to meet my old friends. After my ship had been checked I started for London, my next stop. While crossing the ocean I decided to turn on my radio and televisor to hear a little music and obtain a bit of news. As I turned my dial round a clear, rather familiar voice attracted me to listen. Could it be? Yes, it was none other than Richard Schatz as the "hot off the wire" commentator. Continuing to listen I heard another familiar voice, George Schlimm, star singer. I reached London in a very short time, where, to my surprise, was Earl Hauber at a conference of diplomats, Earl having been earlier appointed as ambassador to Rome by our president. I visited with him for a while then went on to Paris. I stopped there for dinner and whom should I find seated at one of the tables but Donald Wiesner. I had read about his trip around the world but never expected to meet him. We talked for a while and then we decided to go to the art gallery. He said he had something to show me. We went into the main room and he took me to a painting. Standing in front of it was Ivan Wortman, but imagine my surprise to find that Ivan had painted the picture and sold it for \$20,000. It was a modern art painting. The three of us toured the gallery for a while discussing paintings and then I left to keep my appointment. When I returned to the gallery both men had gone. I then decided to direct my ship for the good old United States. I had been having a little trouble with my airship so I stopped at Detroit to get a new one while the old one was being repaired. I went directly to the Ford Rocket Car Corporation for I knew I could get a good deal because the General Manager, Regis Hacherl, another old classmate, was a personal friend of mine. I visited with Regis for a while then went back home.

Another day was ended. Thankful after twenty years to see again all the fellows with whom I had graduated, and with a tear in my eye, I parked the Rocket car, recalling once again the happy days we had spent together.

Dean Foote.





Falling Waters

(Photo by one of our students)

SCARLET AND GOLD

SCARLET and gold are colors which are sacred to every American. Red signifies blood, patriotism, courage and love. One need not reflect long to realize that great portions of the earth are at present bathed in blood and, as the martyrs of the early Church triumphantly shed their blood for their faith so also brave young men and women of all nations are today courageously shedding their blood for their countries, that men may learn to love each other and promote trust and peace everywhere.

Fittingly has our class chosen red and gold as its colors for many of us will before long be called to enter the great conflict. Courage will not be wanting to us for we have been tried by daily difficulties in school life to overcome obstacles and courageously face the future. Men clear the way for a man of courage; they revere him, and step aside to let him lead them to brave deeds. Have they not already stood aside to let our American boys lead them? We shall bravely join them and bear our share of the burden of a free life.

There is a treasury of gold in life for each of us. As the beautiful scarlet sunrise or sunset is mingled with gold so also in our lives we find gold not only in the beautiful flowers of the field or in the autumn leaves or the shining vessels of the altar, but we shall ever try to be as good as gold, as true as gold, and as pure as gold.

We find the costly robes of a Cardinal at religious ceremonies and the rich scarlet vestments worn at mass on Pentecost and on the feastdays of martyrs are symbols of love. The Holy Ghost descended upon the twelve apostles in the form of tongues of fire; this, too, has its beauties and were it removed would be missed only too soon because it symbolizes warmth, love, and charity, without which our world would, indeed, be cold.

We hope that the time will speedily arrive when the scarlet representing the blood of heroes will have changed to a perfect gold and the fire of love and charity will accompany each one of us in life.

Corrinne Decker.

OUR MOTTO

"Today We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?"

It is with reluctance that we, the class of 1945, launch forth to burst the chords which have anchored us to our school for the past twelve years. As a small sailing vessel sets out on the broad ocean, with sails afloat, and, urged on by wind and storm, sometimes arriving at safe port, reaches its haven only after overcoming great obstacles, so, we depart from our anchorage. For twelve years we have been safely stowed away beneath the care of parents, priests and teachers, but today we set out with wings of hope for future success, with confidence in God, well-formed principles of Catholic education, activities of power, responsibility to duty and love of fellow-man. Having dispossessed ourselves of all chattels of unrest, lack of courage and irresponsibility, we move ahead with light hearts, with the fuel of faith, hope and charity.

Those of us who have profited most by the advice of our elders, built up a bulwark of strength by study, and have formed good habits, are well prepared to launch out into the deep and in spite of obstacles will reach our goal.

We cannot go forth as an armada but must each set out to row his own boat. We will be our own captains. Most of the boys and many of the girls will before long have gone into the service of their country. They can no longer depend upon any of their class-mates for suggestions or helpful hints.

A small sailing vessel, quite unknowingly launches out presumably unconscious of any danger, sometimes reaching the harbor in safety, but frequently sailing about, being buffeted about for a time or again disappearing temporalily beneath the waves, after a short time appearing again to make a stronger attempt. Rarely does it disappear completely from view.

While sailing on the sea of life, we will undergo hardships of all kinds which we must do our best to overcome. Anchoring at the ports of "Faith, Hope and Charity," we will refuel and these supplies should make us seaworthy until the end of our long voyage.

Teresa Schaut.

EDITORIAL

Werk and recreation. Seldom is there any scarcity of employment with pay sufficient to take care of a family. Some have acquired wealth, others have been enabled to build themselves comfortable homes, none need go hungry. Considering these facts would it not be wise to think of some projects by which our town could show progress in providing up-to-date community centers, larger parks and recreation grounds and other improvements? One need not look very far to see what could be done, and really should be done, and that soon. Before long we hope to see our soldier boys return by the hundreds and what will we have to offer them for all they have endured for us? A large town hall or community building where everybody is welcome would surely be an asset. This could house recreation rooms, refreshment stands, a small library with choice reading matter, and above all a spacious hall that would give accommodation to large numbers for public gatherings.

Elk Creek, we are told, was once the joy of the town. Its clear, limpid waters were enjoyed by all; even the fish took to them and were happy. Perhaps it is too much to think of restoring this. Yet something should and could be done here. Street markers, too, should come into the picture; more and better lights on all streets radiating from the center of town.

All of us should have a deep interest in our home town. We owe it to those returning from overseas, to the future generations, as well as to ourselves. Besides, while we are adding to its beauty, unfinished projects would give employment to those coming home after the war until the crisis of readjustment is over.

Earl C. Hauber.

CHARITY

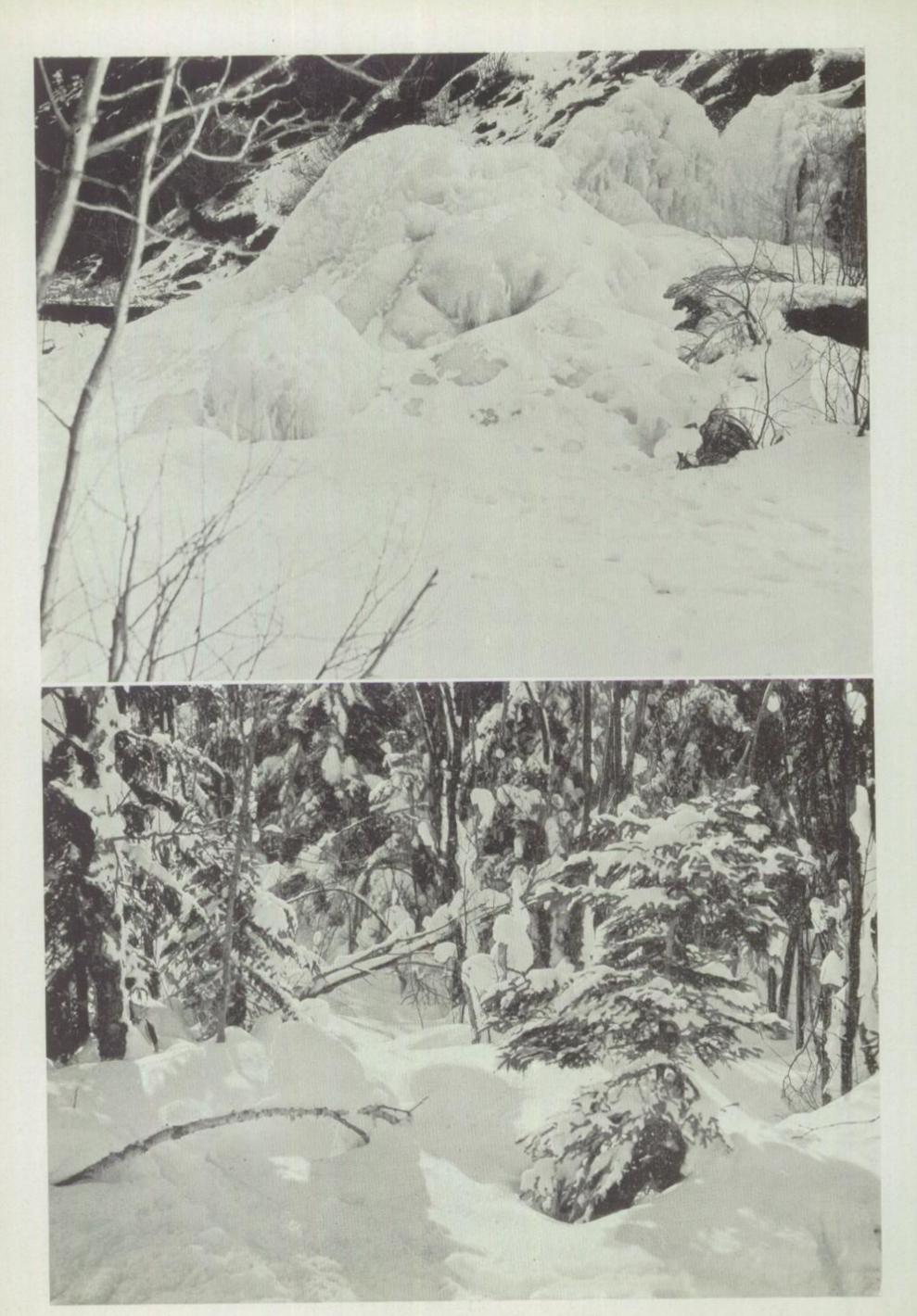
If you give a cup of cold water in my name it shall not go unrewarded, is a lesson and a promise given by Christ Himself while here upon earth. This shows how greatly God loves charity. No matter how great your Faith in the Almighty, if you lack charity it will profit you nothing. We may feel, when asked to give in charity, "More money to kiss good-bye," and it costs more than a slight effort to reach into your pocket and toss two bits for some charitable project, especially if it's the last you have until comes next payday. By that time, however, you will have forgotten all about it; or if, perchance, you do think of it, the thought makes you feel good inside. Soon you'll ask yourself how you would feel had you refused to give, or how, had you given double? Charity pays!

Charles Fleming.

A CALL TO THE COLORS

ITTLE did we who are about to graduate think while attending grade school, or even when entering high school that ere long we would be called upon to fight for our country. One by one, as class after class graduated, we saw our schoolmates depart for foreign lands. In some instances those leaving were our own brothers or near relatives. We dreaded to see them go because of the uncertainty of their return. Yet withal, we braced ourselves for the day not far off when we too would follow their lead. Some of our class have already enlisted, others are about to do so and still others will soon be called. One has gone, his graduation postponed indefinitely. Two will be in the Air Corps ere long, others are seeking the Navy. You may think that it would be more patriotic to let Uncle Sam choose where he wishes to have us. We do not think so. Anyone can realize that if employed in work to your liking, work is better done, whereas, forced to do what does not appeal partakes of slave labor and precludes your best endeavor. A few of our class are preparing to take the Eddy Aptitude Test and hope to qualify for radio training. We think it is but right that all wish our boys success in the field of their choice, whatever it may be. May God grant that ere long they can return, seeing the world at peace!

Regis Hacherl.



When the Snow Was High

SPRINGTIME OF LIFE

A S we again greet the awakened life of nature, welcome Springtime, we the Senior class sadly regret that this beautiful Spring marks the end of our memorable school-days. Ahl the very fragrance of the fresh air calls us out to welcome the Springtime, the greatest recurring event of the year. Spring is so invigorating. The bright green verdure will soon appear from the very roots of the earth. Once more the ground will be a ruddy rich brown. The beautiful birds return, fresh showers triumphantly spread their welcome to the opening of the blooming glory of the flowers.

Yet as beautiful as Spring may seem, for us the Senior class, we look upon it as sad, for we are all wondering what the next Spring will bring. As all the recent graduating classes have sent many members into the appalling turmoil of war, our class, too, will part with their brothers of their childhood-days. At present the future of their lives cannot be decided. In time to come the girls will have sought a future somewhere else.

To us this Springtime can be considered as the fountain of opportunity in our lives, though in a certain sense a world at war does not hold much chance for the graduate student. We must, however, make the best of what is offered. We are determined in our efforts to go out into this Springtime of Life to become the future men and women of this, our America. Springtime is the flowering glory of our lives.

Now as Spring greets us once again we hope that some Springtime in the near future will call us all together to greet the Springtime of Life, a peaceful life. As Spring enters, we the Senior class say a fond larewell to the last Springtime of our happiest days. Once again in a more beautiful Spring, one which will greet a peaceful world, we hope to meet again.

Doris Frank.

SHIPS

Red sails against an evening sky as the sun sinks slowly in the west—so beautiful, so perfect is this scene, painted by the hand of God, that no artist, down through the ages has ever reproduced it on canvas. As we gaze on this scene enchanting, our imagination cries out, "Tell us ships, what is your story?"

The first ship that is recorded in history is the three storied ark that God personally instructed Noah to build. It was sealed with pitch within and without. The ark was large and powerful and rather symbolized the Church as it floated along without human aid. The Egytians sailed up and down the Nile River in their home-made boats. In the days of "Merrie England", ships manned by English freebooters and sea dogs, dotted the oceans, plundering Spanish commerce. In 1492, through the use of three ships, under the command of the brave and daring Columbus, a great and new continent was discovered.

Yes, as far back as history has been recorded, ships have been a source of inspiration for man's genius. The human mind has been inspired by God to make larger and better vessels until today, we have gigantic, two-story, silver ships that sail through the sky.

But besides the battleships, cruisers, submarines and flying fortresses, there is another kind of ship that is more important and morally necessary to men, and that is friendship. This ship is of purest gold and it carries treasures of love and kindness that no amount of money can buy. "Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly vision."

Rose Mary Hoehn.

THE HONOR ROLL

THE magnificent Honor Roll which was dedicated and handed over to the school in March, 1944, lists the names from the year 1920 to 1945 of the graduate students now in service. Two hundred six names appear on the scroll. Our school is proud of its many former students who are now in the various branches of our country's service.

As we pass the honor roll on our way to and from classes we often think of the boys. We wonder if they are not again with us in thought and longing for our splendid opportunities of education. This feeling has often been expressed by service boys who have recently visited the school.

To these former students of Central Catholic High, we senior girls and boys extend our sincere appreciation and loving gratitude for all the great and unlimited sacrifices and courageous actions which they have performed. Many of them gave their lives and others endured very severe sufferings for their God and country.

Zita Haller.



Rural Scene, St. Marys, Pa.

THE STAFF OF OUR BI-WEEKLY

SHORTLY after the opening of our present school year a staff for the Bi-Weekly, published regularly by the high school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that this consist of volunteers, and, the class acquiescing, volunteers were called for. Dean Foote volunteered as editor; Robert Prechtel and Charles Fleming as Associate and Assistant Editors, respectively. Donald Wiesner was ready to do secretarial work, Flavius Wicks to be Circulating Manager, and Earl Hauber to look after the business end of the job. These accordingly, formed the staff for the year and immediately got busy to put out the first issue of this term's paper. Committees were appointed, four in number, who were responsible for the printing as their turn came around.

The staff, with painstaking effort, managed to issue the paper without delay, every other week. It proved both interesting and educational. Many former students requested that the paper be sent to them while serving with the armed forces. Nearly 300 papers of seven pages each were in demand. Morning, noon and evening found some of the boys—staff and printers,—on the job; sketching, drawing, typing, printing, stapling and distributing. A reporter from each home room supplied much of the material.

We take this opportunity to thank all our reporters, contributors and subscribers for their loyal support; and we wish our successors continued success as they take over in the coming year.

Richard Hathorn.





C. H. S. BI-WEEKLY STAFF

Editor in Chief...... Dean Foote
Upper—middle

Associate EditorRobert Prechtel Lower—first

Assistant Editor.... Charles Fleming Upper—third

Business Manager.... Earl Hauber
Upper—first

Circulating Manager. Flavius Wicks Lower—third

Secretary Donald Wiesner Lower—middle

GIRLS' BABY PICTURES (page 49)

Left to right: First row: Doris Paar, Monica Lucanik, Corinne Decker, Irene Hacherl.

Second row: Jeanne Krellner, Lucy Daniel, Loretta Hoffman, Martha Lenze.

Third row: Doris Frank, Mary Grace Keim, Zita Haller.

Fourth row: Theresa Leithner, Mary McMackin, Irene Wortman, Rosemary Werner.

Fifth row: Grace Breindel, Teresa Schaut, Martha Meyer, Mabel Sorg.

CHILDHOOD (page 51)

First row: Rose Mary Hoehn, Jeanne Krellner, Irene Hacherl.

Insert: Teresa Schaut, Eileen Hanes.

Second row: Doris Paar, Mary McMackin, Corinne Decker, Doris Frank.

Insert: Martha Meyer, Loretta Hoffman, Mary Grace Keim.

Third row: Theresa Leithner, Zita Haller, Monica Lucanik, Grace Breindel, Lucy Daniel.

TEEN-AGE (page 62)

First row: Mary Grace Keim, Corrinne Decker, Grace Breindel, Theresa Leithner, Monica Lucanik.

Second row: Doris Paar, Doris Krug, Mary Krellner, Jeanne Krellner, Mary McMackin, Corinne Decker, Erma Nissel, Teresa Schaut, Teresa Schaut.

Third row: Doris Frank, Lucy Daniel, Esther Dippold, Zita Haller.

Fourth row: Irene Wortman, Rosemary Werner, Martha Lenze, Eileen Hanes, Loretta Hoffman, Rose Mary Hoehn, Irene Hacherl.

A SCHOOL DAY

In the morning cold and dreary
When I get up feeling weary,
Thinking of the long drawn day
I sink back on my bed of hay.

Then a voice—my father's shout Double quick it brings me out. To the breakfast table, I stagger Light piercing eyes like a dagger. In the cold air next I wander,
At the school steps stand and ponder.
Next into dim-lighted halls I step,
Half awake and without pep.

Now to church, then back to school
There to mind the golden rule.
Time moves slow, the hours are long
Closing taps seem like a song.

Off to home, then off for play
And on to supper without delay;
Watching the shadows creep over the hill,
Then back to bed! Oh, what a thrill!

Herbert Straub.











Views of the Annual Field Mass for Our Boys and Girls in Service

ST. MARYS SODALITY

To promote the honor of Mary, the Mother of God, to strive for personal perfection and to bring others to Christ are purposes for which the Blessed Virgin Sodality was established. These lofty aims have been an inducement for many of the high school girls to join the society.

What a splendid sight it has been to see a large group of the girls attend 7:15 Mass the first Sunday of each month, and receive in a body, their Divine Lord in Holy Communion and how edifying to hear them unite their voices in the Blessed Virgin's Office.

During the past year, through spiritual activities, the members received many benefits, but they also participated in social activities of which bowling was in the lead. Six teams, consisting of six girls on each team, entered whole-heartedly into the game. The lucky winners received prizes at the end of the season.

Besides bowling some of the pleasurable events were: A Christmas party, a Mother's Day party, and a social after each monthly meeting.

The Sodalists, with a true child-like spirit, were much pleased when "Santa" appeared to distribute the gifts at their Christmas party. This merriment was followed by many active games, the main event being a treasure hunt. A delicious lunch was served and each member went away with the feeling of an evening well spent.

At the Mothers' Day party each girl brought her mother as a guest. A play was presented by a group of the girls and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. The main event of the evening was a cake walk. How everyone envied the winner of the chocolate cakel

The Sodality is presided over by the very capable and active Martha Leithner. She is assisted by Audrey Dinsmore as Vice-President and Angeline Wiesner as Secretary. The financial matters are taken care of by Mary Zore.

Anna Eichmiller.









Under Construction

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT MISSION CRUSADE

THE largest Central High School activity is that of the Catholic Student Mission Crusade, totaling two hundred ninety-one members which is almost one hundred per cent of the enrollment.

The officers for this year are: Herbert Straub, President; Rita Wortman, Vice-President; Francis Kuntz, Secretary; Faith Herzing, Treasurer.

Assemblies, movies, a quiz, a social dance and a play, "The Calling of Teresa Chang" were the main activities of the year. During Lent the odd penny collection was given prominent recognition by almost every class. The result, a surprising amount of pennies, showed that the Freshmen were outstanding in this contribution.

At the close of each assembly our moderator, Reverend Father Boniface, O.S.B., gave an interesting address, taking for his topic some vital point in the program of the day and the work of the missionaries in regard to the physical as well as the spiritual side of life.

Since that memorable day in nineteen hundred forty-one when the Mission Crusade was organized in our high school, the membership has been increasing yearly. The students, being missionconscious, would be loath to part with the charter which the school retains as a certification of its agreement with the organizing mission body in Cincinnati.

The Mission Crusade helps to promote the Catholic faith in foreign lands as well as in our own country. Most people think that money is the one need of the missions but in the letter received from Monsignor Edward A. Freking, Secretary-Treasurer, we read "The crying need is for the vocations—priests, Brothers, Sisters—for the home and foreign missions. There is even a demand now in the missions for Catholic young men and women, who are adequately trained, to give five years of their life to the spread of the Faith without having any religious vows."

Theresa Leithner.

WHO?

Who gave His life for you and me
Died of a broken heart upon a tree?
Who scourged, crowned and nailed Him there?
Could you but one of His sufferings bear?
Would you have done the same as He,
If all this they would do to thee,

Who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."
Who lived in poverty, not in wealth?
Who gave us the Holy Mass,
And nothing in return did ask?
Who gave us by His holy life,
His example to take in strife?

WHO? ? ? Our Lord the Giver of life and death!

Ivan Wortman.

DAGUSCAHONDA CHURCH

THE new St. Benedict Parish was established in the winter of January 28, 1940. From then on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been celebrated in a vacant room in the Daguscahonda school.

A church, however, is now going to take the place of the school room at a cost of approximately ten thousand dollars. Under the unique designs of Reverend Father David, O.S.B., and the general contractor, Mr. Raymond Rupprecht, the edifice will measure 34 feet by 63 feet. Wood was secured from two barracks belonging to the Croyland Camps near Ridgway. The property was donated by Peter Scott of Daguscahonda and the North American Refractories of Cleveland, Ohio. It is on the main road between St. Marys and Ridgway and will be the first building to the left upon entering Daguscahonda from Ridgway.

On May first of last year the first stone was cut and since then thousands have been cut and chiseled into shape; the time and effort having been donated by the members of the parish. But cutting stones was not the only thing to be done, and much time was spent outside of the construction itself.

Father David deserves much gratitude for his great interest and zeal in the work. Hardly a day passed that he was not seen cutting stones or measuring carefully the ground surrounding the church. Many of his hours were spent with the other men in tearing down the barracks in Croyland. Hard work held no fear for him and his perseverance spurred the others on through the unendurable heat of the summer months.

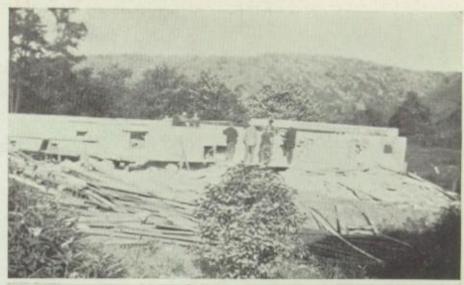
The ladies of the Mission were not idle all this time and biweekly bingos and raffles were held, the proceeds of which all went to the building fund.

On October 29, the cornerstone was blessed and laid by Reverend Father Henry Schwener, O.S.B., who had been appointed by Bishop Gannon of Erie, due to the latter not being able to attend the ceremony himself. Reverend Father Henry was celebrant; Father Cornelius, deacon; Reverend Father Lucian, Sub-deacon; and Reverend Father David acted as Master of Ceremonies. Other neighboring priests attending were: Very Reverend Timothy Seus, O.S.B., of St. Marys Parish, Right Reverend Monsignor A. H. Wiersbinski of Johnsonburg, Right Reverend Monsignor John W. Murphy of Ridgway and other visiting clergy of nearby towns. Also in attendance were the Benedictine Sisters of St. Marys, the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, the Sacred Heart vested choir and servers.

The cornerstone contained a copper box which held a history of the church, names of the members of the new St. Benedict Church, the previous Saturday's copy of the Daily Press, some ration points, coins, stamps, Benedictine medals, church bulletin.

When this church is finished we will indeed be proud of it. To help erect a church is perhaps one of the greatest privileges on earth. Churches are not erected every day and the people of this new parish feel honored, indeed, to have the wonderful opportunity that has been bestowed upon them.

Doris Paar.











Dedication Ceremonies





THE ALTAR OF REPOSE

N Holy Thursday of each year the Church keeps the anniversary of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. Saddened at the thought of our Savior's sufferings, so soon after, she dispenses with any great solemnity. But on a side altar trimmed with lace and flowers she places the Sacred Species for the special adoration of the faithful, where it reposes until Good Friday when in solemn procession it is carried back to the high altar to be offered at the "Mass of the Pre-sanctified". One of these altars is shown in the accompanying picture.

Donald Wiesner.



OUR MAY ALTAR

When the month of May comes around life has returned to earth. Balmy air, beautiful flowers, flitting songsters proclaim the glory of their loving Creator, as well as the sweet beauty of our blessed Mother to whom this month is dedicated. To honor her, magnificent May altars are erected everywhere. We too, of St. Marys High, delight in thus expressing our devotion, and vie with each other to place at her feet the most delicate and fragrant flowers to be found. Vigil lights, candles and other adornments bedeck her altar.

Shown here is a little altar erected in the school corridor by the loving hands of her children.

In Memoriam



THIS year on Saint Benedict's Day the halls of Central High School were saddened at the death of our beloved teacher and friend, Sister M. Gertrude O.S.B. To us her death was a great blow.

We feel her loss keenly, but we must be comforted in knowing that God has safely taken her from this war-filled world to His heavenly abode. In years to come her cheery and lovable manner will ever be remembered.

Sister Gertrude is wholly responsible for the wonderful Biological Laboratory which we have here at school. She persistently labored in the laboratory even while she was ill.

The little mound in the Sisters' cemetery which marks the resting place of Sister will ever serve us as a reminder of our faithful and solicitous friend. Though she has passed on, her spirit will remain with us forever.

While at the hospital, ill as she was and unmindful of her own suffering, she brought love and good cheer into the hearts of others.

To dear Sister Gertrude we say, Requiescat in Pace.

Doris Frank.



When School Cares Were Ours



BABYHOOD (page 56)

Upper row, left to right: Herbert Straub, Richard Schatz, John Daily. Second row: Regis Hacherl, Richard Hathorn, Earl Hauber. Third row: Dean Foote, George Schlimm, Flavius Wicks, Chas. Fleming, Ivan Wortman. Lower row: Rob. Leuschel, Donald Wiesner.

SCHOOL AGE (above)

Upper row: R. Schatz, J. Dailey, Chas. Fleming, R. Hathorn. Middle row: G. Schlimm, E. Hauber, D. Wiesner. Lower row: D. Foote, R. Prechtel, R. Leushel.

SENIORS (page 58)

Upper row: C. Fleming, E. Hauber, G. Schlimm, H. Straub. Second row: R. Hacherl, I. Wortman, D. Foote. Third row: R. Prechtel, R. Hathorn, J. Dailey. Fourth row: D. Wiesner, R. Leuschel, R. Schatz, F. Wicks.



See How We Have Grown

IF I WERE PRINCIPAL

HOMEWORK is an assignment that the average student finds dull, unnecessary and uninteresting, and in plain words, these are my sentiments exactly! One evening while I was trying to solve a particularly difficult problem, I had practically chewed my pencil down to a point in desperation and had spent precious hours accomplishing exactly nothing. In exasperation, I discarded my books and pencils, relaxed, and lost myself in a dream of what I would do if I were principal.

I was surprise to find myself seated behind a massive mahogany desk, in a bright, cheerful office. I glanced around at my unfamiliar surroundings, and noted that, with the exception of the window space, the entire room was lined from floor to ceiling with books of various sizes, color and description. I arose and wandered about. As I browsed over the titles on the shelves, the door opened and one of the high school students stood at respectful attention. When she addressed me as "Madame Principal" I discoverd that instead of being a member of the student body, I was now the superior of the school.

At last my ambition had been realized! I was principal of the school! My first official act in this capacity would be to make radical changes in the curriculum. Pupils would be allowed to devote their time to the subjects that most appealed to them; athletics and social activities would be increased; and homework, like slavery, would be abolished forever.

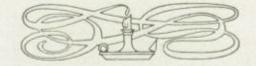
Several days passed during which my experiment was put to the test, and contrary to expectations, was meeting with many obstacles. Under this system, I received numerous complaints from the faculty. With the exception of a few conscientious students, classes in Latin, Chemistry and Geometry reported a poor attendance while Bookkeeping, Typing and Biology were filled to capacity. Parents, too, objected that general education, under my progressive system, was being neglected and decided that they were strongly in favor of compulsory major subjects and homework.

At this point, unlike the Marines, I did not "have the situation well in hand." One morning as I looked out of my window, I saw a delegation of angry parents storming up the walk. I wondered how I was going to handle this problem and before I had a chance to compose myself, a knock sounded on the door.

When I didn't answer immediately, the rapping became insistent—so to fortify myself against the attack, I closed my eyes. When I opened them, it was a relief to find that I was in my own room, with my homework undone before me—and mother was trying to awaken me. I promised myself that from that moment until the end of my school career, I should never utter the phrase—"If I were Principal."

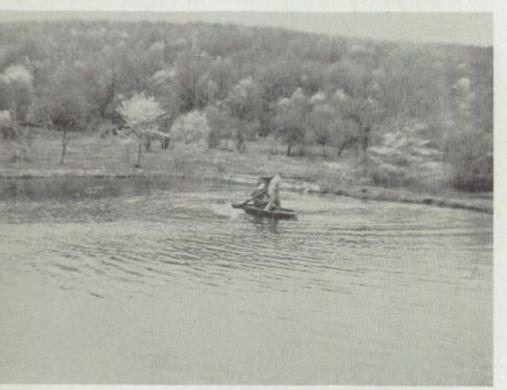
The conclusion I reached is that our principal, faculty, and parents are grooming us for our future in this great democracy. Education, with its homework and difficult subjects, is one of the privileges this land of opportunity affords us and even though the going seems rough at times, there is no greater satisfaction than "a good job, well done." So, with all due respect and thanks to our superiors for the splendid work they are doing in moulding the younger generation both spiritually and mentally, may I apologize for this, my fantastic adventure.

Mary Grace Keim.











A Time We Won't Forget

A TIME WE WON'T FORGET

TT was a very bright spring day in May when our class with a few I former schoolmates had a little Sunday afternoon "Get together", down in the Bear Run section of this county-Elk County. The accompanying pictures here will, no doubt, reveal to you why we chose this spot. Beautiful scenery, fresh water creeks in which to fish, plenty of room for softball and horseshoes, tables on which to serve refreshments, and a lake-provided with a tin bottom with holes. Boating on this lake provided the "feature attraction" for the afternoon. There were many wet feet before evening; bailing water from the leaky boat tired some so that they abandoned the ship and swam to shore. To some of us it was a circus watching the antics and the difficulties encountered in maneuvering that boat, especially when, out in the middle of the lake the boat abandoned its personnel and sank to the bottom. The two survivors waded through the waters, reaching to their necks, finally reaching shore accompanied by the shouts and cheers of their companions.

Besides the fun we met with a few minor mishaps. A half tooth was lost by one of the boys while playing football; the fish refused to bite; the dam called for some repairs at our hands. The Fish fry, planned, fell through,—not a single fish was there when came time for the evening meal.

Charles Fleming.











PARADISE ON EARTH

F all the wonderful things in life nothing is comparable to the beauties of Nature. As the sun rises, its rays send messages of a new day approaching. Seeking new vigor, a young accountant lies in solitude fully enjoying a week's vacation as he sleeps in the heart of his favorite woodland. He awakens and glances at his verdure-clad surroundings which have become so homelike, then he rises and refreshes himself in a nearby stream.

To walk out on a spring day and to feel the wind in his hair and the warmth of the sun, to watch the birds play among tiny shoots of green leaves upon the trees, and smell the sweet odor of blossoms which surrounds him with a veil of happiness, brings new light into a world of darkness. What joy it is for him to walk through a green woodland and reach a tiny pool of hidden glory where as light reflects upon a cluster of evergreens, imaginary pictures dance about in the sun! He sits and gazes at the water dreaming of heaven which seems so near. Everything is so still that he feels God is beside him. All of a sudden a tiny fawn appears to drink at the brink. Some unseen presence withholds the impulse within him to creep up and caress the little creature fondly but it will be frightened by a human being who seeks to destroy the beautiful for mere pleasure. What would be more enjoyable than for men to cease destruction and shower love on creatures even more lovely than this whose very presence makes one's heart beat faster! Ah! The fawn has gone, so suddenly that the onlooker feels something has been drawn from his heart.

When he deserts shelter to seek the freshness and coolness of the air after a shower, he hears the birds singing, and once again the sun is shining, casting a rainbow of beautiful colors across the sky. The grass is so much greener and his eyes do not feel tired from the heat of the day as he gazes at the mountains, each seeming to fade with distances until the last one blends with the blue of the sky. He wants to walk across that mountainous expanse until he mounts that last one and can reach up to touch the sky.

Darkness falls and the stars peep out of their shrouds and begin to twinkle. Then the moon rises seeming to invite a peaceful stroll. What joy there is to walk on a moonlit night and watch the mellow silver magic in the skyl Solitude is wonderful then because the heart is light and the cares of the day have vanished. The country is filled with unsurpassing beauty. Then he returns to his peaceful abode and soon the sandman shovels magic and his eyes seek a land of unknown dreams.

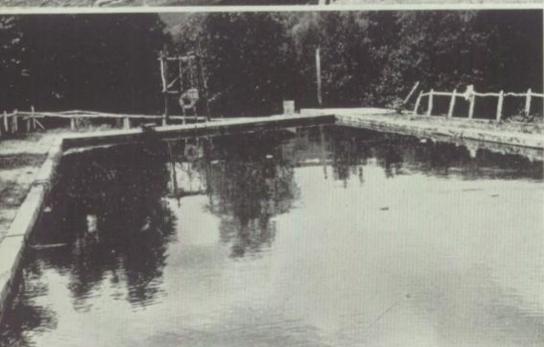
Once again the sun rises in all its glory of brightness and cheerfulness but today seems a little bit sadder. Even the birds' chatter cannot hide all the regrets for today, he must return. He must leave his little haven of peace, quiet and contentment and return to the city filled with noise and disruption.

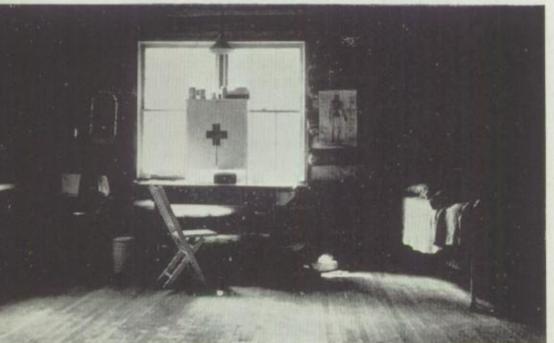
For a week he has forgotten all business and now he must go back to it, but will he forget all he has enjoyed for such a short time? No. The Lord has sent something along which is in his heart—a yearning to remember and return.

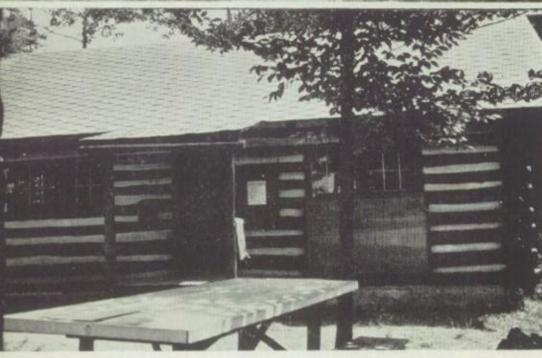
Mercedes Shields.











BOY SCOUT CAMP

COUT Camp Mountain Run is located about five miles from Penfield in the forest amid the surrounding mountains. For years this camp has been in operation and much time has been spent there by the Boy Scouts of St. Marys who pride themselves on its careful upkeep and the improvements they make from time to time. The accompanying pictures give a view of part of the camp. On one is seen the new rifle range, constructed two years ago but still making improvements upon it. The swimming pool nearby is greatly enjoyed by all during the summer months; and the interior of the first aid cabin pictured here shows what is being done both to teach and to help our boys in need. The lower picture gives a view of the headquarters on the grounds. Other buildings are: mess hall, handicraft cabin, caretakers cabin, workshop, trading post, shower room. There is a ball field and a campfire circle also. The camp is used in winter and in summer, especially in the summer when various troops, both boy and girl scouts get an opportunity to enjoy a vacation there, where they are given a chance in all healthful and helpful exercises such as hiking, fishing, swimming, rifle practice and other activities. How well the campers enjoy themselves can be learned from the plans they make before leaving, as to their next opportunity to spend a week or more here during the following summer.

Robert E. Prechtel.

CHURCH BELLS

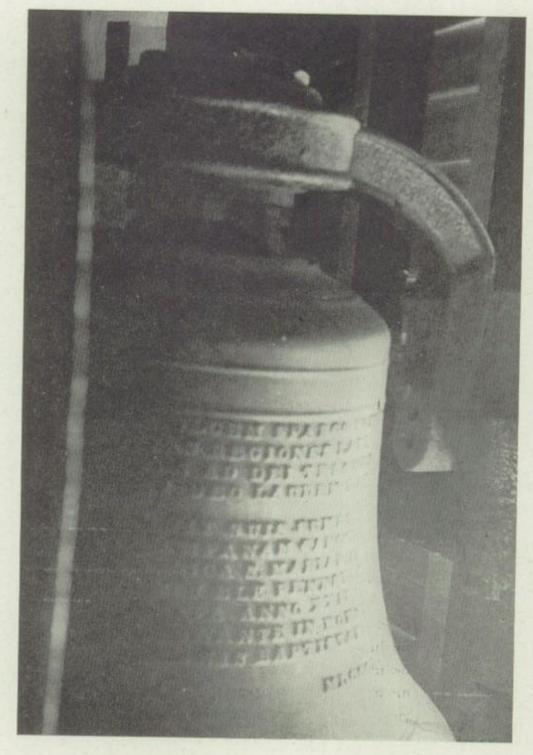
ATHOLIC Churches have for centuries used bells to call the faithful to divine service. Each bell, before being hung in the belfry, is solemnly blessed, or "Baptised," as this ceremony is commonly called.

There is some resemblance between the blessing of bells and the ritual of Baptism but the words "I baptise thee" are never used. In the Catholic Encyclopaedic Dictionary, we find under "Baptism of Bells" the following:

"The rite for the blessing of a bell in the Pontificale Romanum is of so elaborate a character that popular usage has improperly given to it the name of 'Baptism'. It consists of the recitation of psalms, washing of the bell with holy water, anointing it with Oil of the Sick, and with Chrism, putting a smoking thurible inside it, and reading the gospel of Luke X, 38-42."

There are also sponsors or "Godfathers" who during parts of the ceremony, place their hands upon the bell,
and finally, the name of a saint is
given to it. Following is the prayer
used when bestowing the name: "May
this bell be hallowed, O Lord, and consecrated in the name of the Father,
and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.
In honor of Saint N. Peace be to thee."

Flavius Wicks.



Bell - St. Marys Church Belfry

Robert Glass
One of our class now in service

SAILING

Sailing, sailing, ever sailing
Over a boundless sea
Sailing, sailing, onward sailing
What our destiny?

Steering hopefully, our vessel
Though reefs and shoals ahead;
Know not fear when storms are gathering
The deep we do not dread.

Guiding us, a Helmsman, steering
Over the pathless sea.
Till we anchor, safe in harbor,
Heaven reached—our destiny.

John Dailey.

A SENIOR'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

Turning back your leaves, I find them tattered and worn yet the most interesting pages because they relate to the events of my high school career.

Upon your folds I impressed the momentous events of these four years. All our activities progressed day by day within your leaves. After years of imparting news of my school life to you I find the unused papers you hold growing fewer in number. Now that graduation is nigh, do you recall:

The first time we took part in an assembly? It was "Book Week" when we were freshmen.

The first Friday breakfasts?

The Christmas play in the gym?

The American Legion Essay Awards? War stamps were awarded the lucky winners.

The distinguished visitors from the Middle Atlantic Association?

The formation of the Mission Crusade?

Our first vacation from Central?

The dance we sponsored as sophomores?

The day we began Caesar's Gallic Wars?

The day we dissected the frog?

George Yeager telling of his experiences in Europe?

Our first gym exhibit?

The basketball banquets?

The day we received our class rings?

The Junior Prom?

The incense burning in 11A?

Our first Chemistry experiment?

Erie, Bradford, and Williamsport?

The first day we donned our class hats?

The volley ball tournaments?

Cooking classes?

Printing the "Bi-Weekly"?

Working for our "Memo"?

Graduation exercises?

These years have given us such unforgettable memories "Dear Diary", that they will be precious gems in our treasury of life.

Mary McMackin.



SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, the class of 1945 of St. Marys Catholic High School, being of sound mind and body, hereby do make and publish this, our last will and testament.

- 1. To Father Timothy we consign rolls of film to photograph the bright faces of the High School students in the year to come.
- 2. To Father Boniface we leave future basketball and volleyball players with the hope that some day they may attain our superior athletic ability.
- 3. To Father Richard we entrust a collection of frogs, worms and crayfish accompanied by the sweet odor of formaldehyde, to lure more students into Biological research.
- 4. To the Faculty we leave a long-deserved and needed rest and sweet memories of a brilliant class.
- 5. To the class of "46" we leave our Senior dignity, our ability to choose brilliant class colors and our deepest sympathy in the composing and editing of Volume XVII of the Memo.
- To the Sophomores we leave two more happy years in High School before they look back with fond regret and happy memories of their school days. Also we leave behind many pleasant odors, hazardous experiments and happy hours in the Chemistry Laboratory.
- 7. To the Freshmen we leave all our virtues hoping that they profit by our splendid example and reach an unrivalled standard of perfection.

Bobby Williamee inherits a long walk home from Valentina Riddle.

Dede Wortman requests that Kathleen Yetzer inherit her long eyelashes.

Jack Dailey leaves his agility in basketball to Thomas Caskey.

Martha Meier gives Grace Kronenwetter her short hair.

Mabel Sorg wants Esther Vollmer to succeed her in the Biology class as secretary of "I Saw."

Charles Fleming bequeaths his agreeable disposition to James Meyer.

Martha Lenze loans Jean Hoffman her artistic talent.

Theresa Wiesner asks that Mary Lou Meyer be given her collection of cowboy music and Gene Autry pictures.

Tommy Bauer will be happy to know that he is to have curly hair, because of the generosity of Mary Grace Keim.

Brownie Meier is to receive the Physics text books used by Grace Breindel.

Robert Leuschel wills his car to Marvin Riddle.

Ann Bauer will fill Irene Hacherl's position as pianist in the school orchestra.

George Schlimm donates four inches of his height to Joseph Kline.

It is Sarah Schieler's wish that her Monday morning rest be given to anyone who is badly in need of it.

To Joan Rigard, Erma Nissel leaves her expression "Ohl my hair."

Jeanne Krellner leaves her soprano voice with the girls in the Sacred Heart Choir.

Mary McMackin leaves her love for potato chips to Joy Reville.

Corinne Decker wills her dimples to Jimmy Handwerger.

Tessie Schaut loans her laugh to Kevin Nolan.

Mary Krellner leaves a jar of "Dill pickles" to Jimmy Wittman.

Doris Krug leaves her quiet manner and modulated voice to Faith Herzing.

Herbert Straub leaves his number four basketball jersey to his brother Victor.

Eileen Hanes transfers her place on the bus to Lillian Samick.

Lucy Daniel gives her alarm clock to Alice Wittman.

Regis Hacherl donates his intelligence to Joseph Schatz.

Doris Frank leaves memories of Williamsport to Katherine Haller.

Zita Haller expresses the wish that Dorothy Mae Breindel be given her blue eyes.

Dean Foote wills his knowledge of "Sherlock Holmes" to Allan Mulcahy.

Mercedes Shields gives her "Trig" to anyone who wants it. How about it, Bill Carino? Richard Schatz wishes twenty-five pounds of his weight to be given to Robert Schlimm.

Betty Beimel will be pleased with Monica Lucanik's generous offering, two inches of her height.

Robert Prechtel donates his little brown address book to Sam Nissel.

To all the girls of Central High, Rosemary Werner leaves her collection of pictures of Van Johnson.

Ivy Wortman gives his varsity forward position to Gropa Schneider.

Long fingernails is what Patty Meyer is to receive, thanks to Doris Wilhelm.

Esther Dippold loans her talent of writing poetry to Lillian Gregory.

Richard Hathorn bestows his wit upon LeRoy Wilhelm.

Shirley Dinsmore will receive the good-natured spirit of Doris Paar.

At the request of our Latin teacher, Loretta Hoffman donates her knowledge of that subject to Donald Ellis.

Earl Hauber leaves his desk to his brother Walter.

Mary Alyce Lenze desires that Agnes Baumgratz succeed her as cheerleader.

Donald Wiesner gives his knowledge of Chemistry to George Zamboldi.

Rose Mary Hoehn wants her love of music to be given to someone who will appreciate it, perhaps Joan Kraus.

Anna Eichmiller donates her Commercial Arithmetic to "Pepper" Fleming.

Flavius Wicks wills his knowledge of cattle to Bill Murray.

Irvin Bennasutti is to receive a "45" class hat from Theresa Leithner.

Jeanne Krellner Richard Hathorn.

A WORD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our advertisers, subscribers, and all those who generously contributed, thereby making our Memo possible.

We are grateful to the Faculty, the Benedictine Sisters, who have worked earnestly with us and for us.

Teresa Wiesner.



VOLLEY BALL COMPETITORS

GREMLINS: Seated: Mary Schlimm, Dona Gahr, Aldine Glass, Faith Herzing.

Standing: Ruth Keller, Dolores Krellner, Elizabeth Greenthaner.

TERMITES: Seated: Jeanne Schauer, Mary Theresa Dornish, Elizabeth Dippold, Rita Wortman.
Standing: Martha Friedl, Patricia Meier, Esther Bankovich.

TROUBLES: Seated: Mary Reuscher, Mary Lucanik, Dolores Wendel.

Standing: Marquerite Marconi, Mary Lou Meyer Patricia

Standing: Marguerite Marconi, Mary Lou Meyer, Patricia Sunder.

RUSTIES: Seated: Sarah Schieler, Joan Straub, Dolores Minnich, Erma Nissel.

Standing: Mary Wicks, Mary Grace Keim, Dorothy Seelye.

CRUSADERS: Seated: Monica Lucanik, Eleanor Krieg, Patricia Meagher, Mary Krellner.
Standing: Lillian Samick, Joan Rupprecht, Frances Rupprecht

recht.

VICKIES: Seated: Geraldine Rupprecht, Patricia Herzing, Kathleen Yetzer, Joan Rigard. Standing: Mary McMackin, Jeanne Krellner, Corinne Decker, Cecilia Lenze.

VOLLEYBALL

THIS was the second season of Volleyball at Central. Last year, Volleyball was played only by the girls, who enjoyed the game and entered it with much interest. But this year the boys have also entered into this sport and have played some exciting games. Although they did not play league games, they gave all of us a thrill on Athletic Nights.

The League was formed early in the season, the players choosing the names: Gremlins, Crusaders, Vickies, Troubles, Termites, and Rusties. The League games which were scheduled for Wednesdays were played with much rivalry. The Gremlins were ahead throughout the season, and came out on top at the end.

The League games were followed by the Tournament of the four class teams. On Friday, March 9, the Semi-finals were played, with first event—Sophomores against Juniors. The Sophomores won two out of two games. The second event was Frosh against Seniors. The Frosh won two out of two games.

Tuesday, March 13, witnessed the Finals. The first event was the Consolation game between the Juniors and Seniors. The Seniors won two out of two games. The second and last event was the game between the winners of the Semi-finals. These games were the most exciting of the year. The Sophomores won the first game with a very close score of 21-19. The second game was won by the Frosh. The third game was won by the Sophomores, which brought about a thunderous applause from the Volleyball fans.

CONGRATULATIONS, SOPHOMORES, CHAMPIONS OF '45.

The following day at 3:30, the Champion Sophomore Team played the All Stars and defeated them with desirable scores, which proves they are real champs.

The Champions of the League Teams and of the Class Teams were guests at the Basketball Banquet.

To our Athletic Director, Reverend Father Boniface, much credit is due for organizing Volleyball in our high school, and keeping up a strong interest among the players during the past two seasons. We tender him our profuse thanks.

Monica Lucanik.

LESSONS IN A USEFUL ART

THIS year the Junior and Senior girls had the opportunity of receiving special lessons in cooking. They were fortunate in having Mrs. Bathgate of the West Penn Power Company instruct them in the fundamentals of this art and they were very grateful for her kind, patient assistance and personal advice. No matter what field in life one follows, the ability to cook is useful.

Fifty girls, divided into groups of ten, followed this course which continued for six weeks. The girls planned and prepared breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, which included a variety of delicious foods, such as: waffles, pies, cookies, soup, salads, meat, vegetables, cereals and eggs, and they learned the importance of combining these foods in order to have well-balanced and nourishing meals.

The part most enjoyed was the assurance that, at the close of each class, the girls could test the food that they had prepared. The satisfied expression of the girls gave evidence that their attempts had been successful.

In order to determine how much each girl had learned about cooking facts and meal planning, a written quiz was given, following the six lessons. The girls were also asked to write their personal reactions to these classes and to tell in what way they had applied the knowledge to their every-day life.

As a grand finale for the last class each group prepared a complete dinner which they served for their evening meal.

Doris Wilhelm.







"Christmas Greetings for Jane"

DRAMATIC CLUB

A T the first meeting of the Dramatic Club, held September 28, 1944, the election of officers took place. The result was as follows: President, Corinne Decker; Vice President, Martha Lenze; Secretary, Mary Alyce Lenze; Treasurer, Rosemary Werner.

The meetings could not be conducted regularly on account of other duties, but this did not hinder the production of plays for the students willingly used their free time to practice.

The members of the Dramatic Club first presented "My Cousin from Sweden," in which the charming cousin and her typical Swedish maid trade identities to keep the actors in suspense and the audience in laughter.

Leading Characters:

Cousin-Agnes Baumgratz, Maid-Dorothy Breindel.

In "Betty Behave," mischievous Betty, a boarding school girl, plans a joke on the Monitor who has been appointed to receive a new pupil. She tells each girl that the other is deaf and their shouting provokes much merriment.

Cast of Characters:

Betty—Joan Rigard, Monitor—Anita Meagher, New Girl —Mary Reuscher.

The Christmas season was ushered in by the dramatization of two plays: "The Gift of the Magi," a miracle play, the old story of the Three Wise Men, the Magi, presenting themselves before Beatrice, a proud woman who refuses to go to see the Christ Child or to listen to any expression of sympathy toward the poor. The Mistress has several visions showing the poor people she had spurned that very day. At the close she asks her maid, Hulda, to show her the way to the Christ Child and the poor.

Principal Characters:

Magi—Robert Williamee, Richard Dornish, Paul Schade, Beatrice—Mary Krellner, Maid, Hulda—Corinne Decker.

The second play, "Christmas Greetings for Jane," takes place at Jane's home. Many complications arise as three girls each named Maud arrive. One proves to be a boy who is an expert at make-up, and wins a bet by means





"The Gift of the Magi"



CHORISTERS SINGING "THE ROSARY"

of acting his part well; the second is a run-away; the third is the real Maud. In the end all difficulties are straightened out and all voice their wishes for a Merry Christmas.

Chief Characters:

Jane—Martha Lenze, Ethel—Rosemary Werner, and Peggy—Joan Straub, three Sisters; Marjory, the skater—Eleanor Krieg; Donald (Maud)—Donald Friedl.

"The Calling of Teresa Chang," was a drama staged for the Mission Crusade, April 11. The scene takes place in a small mission in a province of China. Little Flower, a college-age girl educated by the Mission Sisters contemplates marrying Tiger Heart, a soldier who, unknown to the rest, is working with the enemy. In the end Sister Rose is shot by the enemies and Little Flower sees that she is desperately needed at the mission and becomes a Sister.

Main Characters:

Sister Rose—Corinne Decker, Teresa Chang—Marion Shadd, Tiger Heart—Richard Nachtway, Lotus—Shirley Nachtway.

Martha Lenze.











AUDUBON CLUB

UR club, which was organized in the early part of the school year is one of the many clubs that belong to the National Audubon Society. The Audubon Society, first organized in 1886, and named in honor of John James Audubon became a national association in 1905. All of our members are registered with this National Audubon Society.

During the course of our meetings we received a number of interesting pamphlets on different birds. These pamphlets gave information on the habits of the birds, where they are found, how they build their nests, and of what benefit they are to us. Along with these pamphlets we received colored pictures of the different birds. To enable us to identify the different birds by their appearance and song, we were shown colored slides and we listened to the recordings of their songs.

We can truly say that we have profited by this club and that we have learned to appreciate and protect our friends, the birds.

Erma Nissel.



CRYSTAL FIRE DEPARTMENT

UR Crystal Fire Department is a body of men that greatly deserves our gratitude and admiration. Few of us realize the dangers and hardships encountered and the sacrifices brought by the members of this association. Day and night they are ready at a moment's notice to quit the task in hand or to spring from a comfortable bed to answer the call of the fire bell, and to rush to the scene of disaster to fight with might and main against the raging fires. It is awe inspiring how these gallant men, under their efficient leader acquit themselves of their duties, handling equipment, climbing ladders, rescuing trapped inmates, hazarding life and limb for the good of others. If they suffer loss in their work the loss is theirs, for they get no compensation for risks incurred or clothing destroyed in their work.

We would be happy to see a new fire hall erected in a prominent place, with every modern convenience for these self-sacrificing men; and we of the senior class of our high school are glad of this opportunity to devote a little space to them in our year book, the Memo.

Herbert Straub.

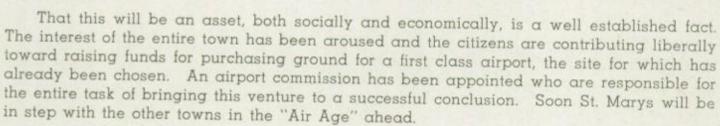


ST. MARYS AIRPORT

THE young men of St. Marys have, since the invention of the airplane, been greatly interested in flying. Some got busy preparing an airport of their own where day after day they were seen with planes of their own and private instructors, learning the art of flying. Soon we saw them soaring aloft in the clouds over our little town.

A few years only, did they enjoy this "sport" for government authorities pronounced the field unsafe. Disappointed but not discouraged plans for a future airfield were being regularly discussed. At last, the dreams of these

young men, as well as, the will of the people, received consideration, and an airfield will soon be ours.



Richard Schatz.





CENTRAL CRUSADERS OF 1945

THE famous and well-known Central Crusaders of 1945 came forth with the mightiest and most dominating team that ever carried the banner of Central High into a basket-ball game. Championship titles and laurels of victory came victoriously out amidst the elements of battle as the Crusaders fought to defend their honored rights against their scholastic foes during the competitive 1944-45 season.

Under the experienced leadership of Coach James Goetz the Central Crusaders obtained the most praiseworthy record of twenty-six victories against two losses for a .929 percentage during the regular season.

The Crusaders, Erie Diocese Class B Champions for the second straight year, won the city championship for the third straight year and a second leg on the H. C. Stackpole Trophy donated by the late industrialist.

Point totals showed 1423 for the Crusaders and 808 for our opponents.

Playoff games saw the Crusaders reach the Semi-finals in the Knights of Columbus Tournament in Williamsport and the semi-finals for State Championship in the Catholic P. I. A. A. Class B Race.

Central's Varsity team starred Allan Mulcahy and Ivan Wortman as forwards, Melvin Nissel, center, with Herbert Straub and Jack Daily, guards.

Ivan Wortman garnered high scoring honors with 300 points with Allan Mulcahy and "Sam" Nissel following close behind with 286 and 275 points respectively.

Jack Daily, our worthy captain, obtained All-Star State Team honors for the second straight year in the Williamsport Tourney.

The season's success was due to the brilliant teamwork so clearly displayed in all of the games.

Sincere thanks are extended to all who supported and cheered the boys to victory or aided in any other way.

The season's schedule and record is as follows:

		Cen-	Op-			
Opponents Pl	ayed at	tral p	onent	Cathedral Prep, Erie Awa	y 21	33
Alumni	Home	37	16	Ridaway Public Awa	у 31	33
Johnsonburg	Away	46	32	St. Joseph's, Renovo Hom	e 41	18
Kane	Away	31	29	Kane Awa	A	23
Johnsonburg	Away	27	13	Clearfield, St. Francis Hom	e 55	26
Wilcox	Away	37	24	St. Catherine's. Dubois Awa	y 44	Zb
St. Bernard's Bradford	.Away	42		Auburn High School,	577	00
St. Joseph's, Renovo			20	Auburn, N. Y Hom	e 5/	23
SS. Cosmas & Damien,	10000			Wilcox Awd	1y 31 1e 36	10
Punxsutawney	Away	43	21	St. Leo's, Ridgway Hon	0 30	19
St. Leo's. Ridgway	. Away	37 52	9	St. Bernards, Bradford Awa	1y 38 1y 33	14
Public High	Home	52	36	Public High Awd		29
Emporium	Home	57		Cathedral Prep, Erie Hon	100,000	26
Ridgway Public	Home	35	29	St. Francis, Clearfield Awa	ry 60	20
Emporium	. Away	33			- 00	11
St. Catherine's, Dubcis	. Home	45	16	Punxsutawney Hon	ie 60	11

League Play-offs now follow:

Catholic P. I. A. A. Race:

Central 39, Renovo 25.

Central 32, Pittsburgh 43.

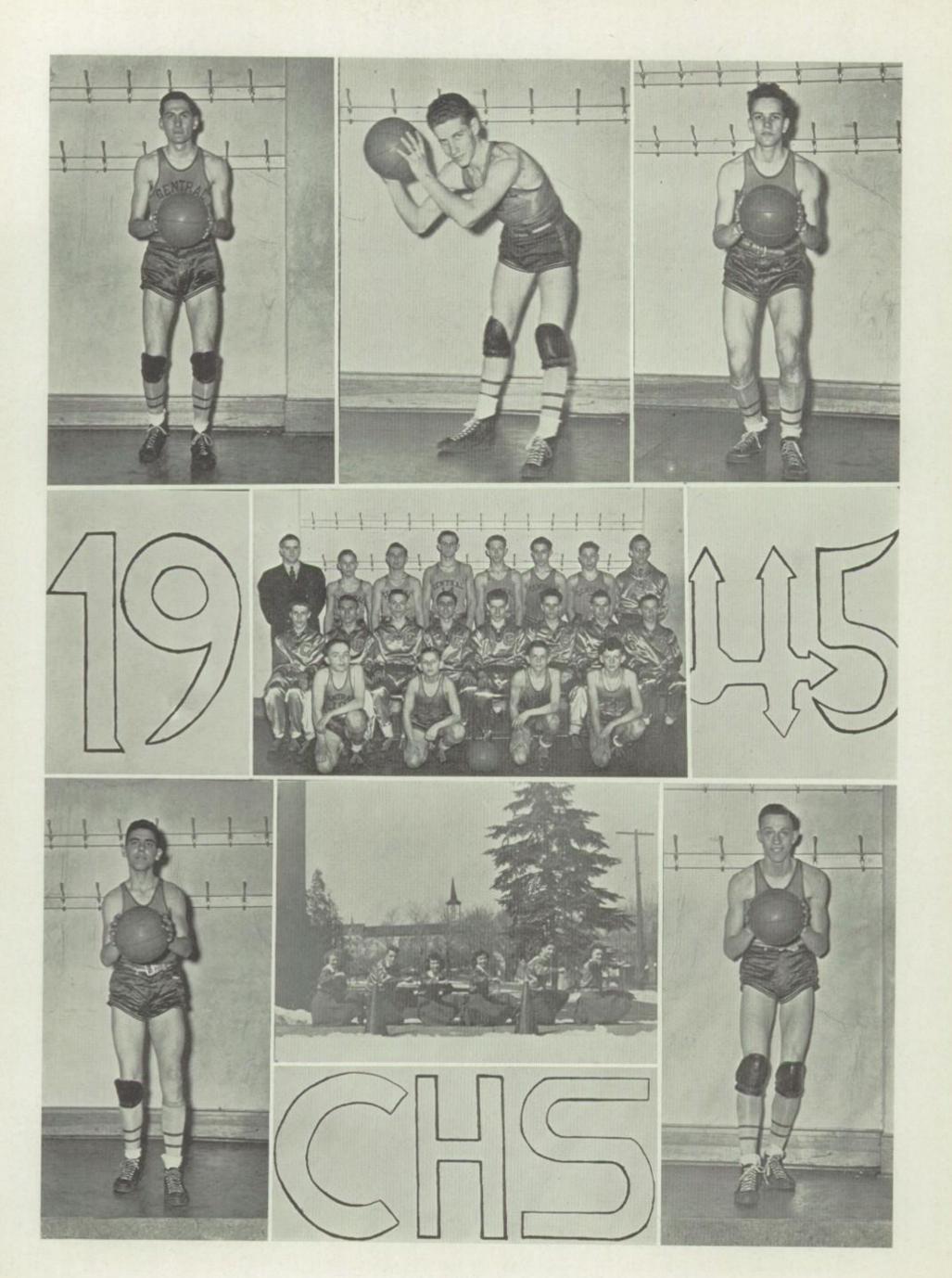
K. of C. State Invitational Tournament:

Central 42, Scranton 39.

Central 26, Reading 41.

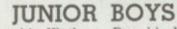
Central 46, Williamsport 30.

Donald A. Wiesner.







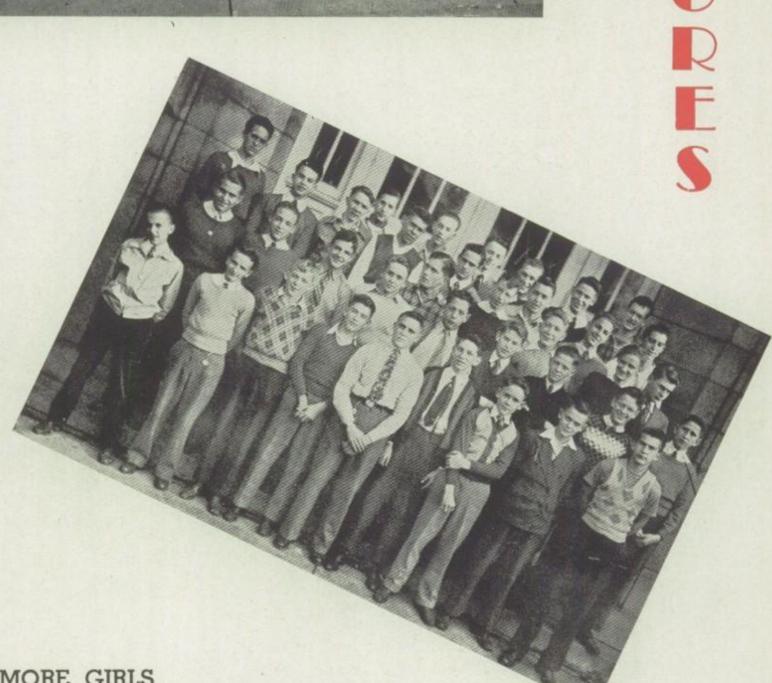




First row: Dorothy Wegemer, Mary Braun, Dolores Brennan, Eileen Caseman, Joan Straub, Elizabeth Marconi, Rita Wortman, Alice Wittman.

Second row: Eleen Smith, Marie Wolfel, Jane Hoffman, Mary Ann Schaut, Martha Zimmett, Jeanne Schauer, Mary Schlimm, Faith Herzing, Grace Kronenwetter, Third row: Freda Young, Audrey Heary, Ann Bauer, Patricia Puncheon, Rita Frank, Dorothy Seelye, Martha Snyder, Doris Detsch, Florence Kline. Fourth row: Ruth Decker, Dolores Friedl, Lillian Gregory, Mary Kuntz, Corrine Meier, Aleda Kraus, Ruth Fritz, Betty Samick, Dorothy Hammer, Gertrude Wolfe, Alice Lecker, Virginia Liebel, Dolores Herzing.





SOPHOMORE GIRLS

First row: Alice Bankovich, Martha Feiley, Iris Sherry, Celine Gerber, Elizabeth Lenze, Marlene Bauer, Arlene Rieder, Marguerite Herbstritt. Second row: Ruth Keller, Elizabeth Lanzel, Sarah Hoehn, Marcella Geitner, Mar-lene Kraus, Marie Nicholas, Rose Ann Cancilla, Florence Wolfel, Joan Kraus, Mary Lucanik. Third row: Dolores Wendel, Katherine Haller, Eleanor Krieg, Martha Rupprecht, Geraldine Rupprecht, Jean Boland, Mary Hacherl, Shirley Dinsmore, Jean Hoffman, Marian Shadd. Fourth row: Joan Rigard, Patricia Sunder, Agnes Baumgratz, Kathleen Yetzer, Patricia Fleming, Shirley Nachtway, Anita Meagher, Mary Wicks, Ruth Werner, Alice Haberberger. Fifth row: Mary Reuscher, Doris Schwentner, Alyce Heary, Elizabeth Beimel, Elizabeth Greenthaner, Clare Buchheit, Loretta Hoffman, Marian Zitzler.

SOPHOMORE BOYS

First row: Robert Schlimm, Robert Rigard, Paul Jesberger, Robert Eichmiller, James Haberberger, William Feldbauer, Donald W. Fleming, Leroy Wilhelm, Clarence Beimel. Second row: Richard Friedl, Thomas Stauffer, Marvin Riddle, Andrew Wortman, James Mallison, Donald Friedl, David Caskey, Donald R. Fleming, Leo Weinzierl. Third row: Aubert Wegemer, Thomas Kuntz, Walter Welz, Richard Dornish, George Singer. Wegemer, Thomas Kuntz, Walter Welz, Richard Dornish, George Singer. Fourth row: Richard Bauer, John Schauer, Joseph Schatz, Allan Mulcahy, Paul Schaut, Melvin Detsch, Eugene Bauer, John Herbstritt. Fifth row: Kenneth Hepner, Melvin Nissel, Robert Williamee, Roger Feldbauer, James Hoffman, Richard Nachtway.





FRESHMEN BOYS

First row: Left to right: Fred Hillebrand, James Handwerger, Joseph Kline, Edward Brehm, Robert Meier, Augustine Herzing, Richard Hoffman, Thomas Caskey, Howard Kronenwetter, Gerald Meier.

Second row: John Florio, Howard Haberberger, Lawrence Donivan, Bernard Cauley, Paul Eckert, Victor Straub, Eugene Gleixner, John Schneider, Edward Zelt, Donald Dippold, Third row: Charles McQuone, Raymond Brennan, Melvin Wolfel, William Dippold, Mark Frey, Philip Buerk, Jerome Eckert, Kenneth Bauer, Richard Simbeck, George Myers, James Krellner, Melvin Hoffman.

Fourth row: Benedict Hoffman, Dennis Scott, Leroy Grant, Edward Reider, Luke Zitzler, Dennis Dinsmore, Richard Young, Irvin Bennasutti, Paul Tornatore, William Geitner. Fifth row: Paul Schade, Joseph Kronenwetter, James Schlimm, William Decker, Alvin Auman, Thomas Ritter, James Schatz, John Eberl, John Boschert, Donald Ellis, Merle Baumgratz, Donald Goetz, Ivan Breindel, Thomas Bauer. Bauer.

FRESHMEN GIRLS

First row: Left to right: Rita Lucanik, Patricia Herzing, Dolores Minich, Alice Uhl, Mary Theresa Dornish, Patrica Meagher, Lyra Meier, Irene Shields, Alice Mosemiller, Florence Herzing, Elizabeth Dippold. Second row: Grace Glatt, Helen Hutchinson, Velma Miles, Patricia McKnight, Esther Vollmer, Shirley Gerber, Irene Seelye, Joan Kerner, Shirley Brown, Marguerite Marconi. Third row: Myra Nolan Rose Fhrensberger, Aldine Glass Frances River. row: Myra Nolan, Rose Ehrensberger, Aldine Glass, Frances Rupprecht, Dona Gahr, Ruth Sporner, Mary Devereux, Kathleen Stebick, Adelaide Bosnick, Esther Eckert, Betty Smith. Fourth row: Cecilia Lenze, Phyllis Straub, Shirley Laird, Joan Rupprecht, Mary Lou Meyer, Patricia Meyer, Louise Hathorn, Martha Friedl, Shirley Erich, Dolores Krellner, Lillian Samick, Patricia Smith, Alice Kestler.



C. H. S. Orchestra

Trumpet: James Meyer; Clarinet: Kenneth Herzing, Paul Schade; Piano: Irene Hacherl, Alice Wittman, Valentina Riddle, Helen Hutchinson, Patricia Smith. Violins: Mary Simbeck, Arlene Rieder, Mary Krellner, Mildred Weichman, Alyce Heary; Drums: Dorothy Breindel, Irene Wortman.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

USIC is not only written on sheets of paper, it is everywhere written in nature. The singing of the birds each day, no matter how small they may be, is sweet to our ears; especially in the springtime when for months we have not heard any but chickadees and sparrows. Who does not enjoy the cheery note of the robin, bluebird, or barnyard swallow or even of the little wren?

Everyone enjoys spending his leisure time in the woods among the great oaks, kindly maple or whispering pines. He loves to cast himself down on the green earth and listen to the melodious choir of birds as they call to their mates from tree to tree, or be caught in the magical power of a stream as its waters babble through bushes and over stones casting sparkling diamonds about which they have caught from bright rays of the sun.

The sound of the raindrops on the roof and against the window-pane is indeed pleasing to hear and oftentimes as a soothing melody it lulls one to sleep.

There is music in the howling of the wind during a storm when the elements are lashing in fury. Then it is forbidding and dangerous and dares one to challenge. But how sweet a soft breeze is; how comforting and cooling. The sound of the buzzing bumble-bees, as they go from flower to flower, gathering their precious honey, warns one not to come too close.

There is even music in a factory. The steady whirr of the machinery tells how materials are constantly being made to meet the needs of the people. They tell how by their continued rhythm in turning out finished goods they are keeping millions of people at work.

If one were to combine all the beauties of harmony in nature he could easily form the conclusion that they illustrate in a small way the harmony and unity of the heavenly choirs in heaven.

> "The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His heaven-All's right with the world."

Valentina Riddle.

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Mrs. Joseph J. Hoffman Joseph Ausserer Miriam Schaut

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STUDENT	SONG	RECREATION	PERFUME
Grass Briendel	Making Believe	Swimming	Old Spice
Anna Fishmiller	Good-night Sweet Dreams	Bowling	Evening in Paris
Cookie Dogher	Tonight We Love	Bicycling	Winter Time
Lucy Daniel	Now I Know	Swimming	Tweed
Day Daniel	Twilight Time	Dancing	Hegyenly Scent
Dons Fight	Tonight We Love	China	Apple Blossom
File Hacheri	I'll Walk Alone	Danging	Blue Waltz
Elleen nanes	Shubert's Serenade	Panding	Evening in Paris
Teresa Schaut		In Chatina	Evening in Paris
Monica Lucanik	Always In My Heart	China	Ballad
Doris Krug	Always	Skiing	Coty's Muguet
Jeanne Krellner	Dream Lover	Swimming	April Shower
Zita Haller	Good-night Sweet Dreams	Skiing	Stradivari
Rose Mary Hoehn	Twilight Time	Hiking	Francisc in Paris
Loretta Hottman	I Love You Truly	Reading	T Chall Paturn
Irene Wortman	Holiday For Strings	Dancing	Orange Blossom
Valentina Riddle	Always	.Reading	Cety's Emegurade
Erma Nissel	Confessing	.Swimming	Fallers Mo
Mercedes Shields	Always In My Heart	. Dancing	. Follow Me
Mabel Sorg	Whispering	.Swimming	. Blue waltz
Doris Wilhelm	Stardust	. Hiking	. Old obice
Teresa Wiesner	Back In the Saddle Again	. Horse-back Riding	. Evening in Paris
Rose Mary Werner	Stardust	Swimming	Morning Giory
Esther Dippold	I'll See You Again	Skating	. Yaraley
Mary Grace Keim	White Christmas	.Swimming	. Evening in Paris
Doris Paar	Together	Hiking	. Apple Blossom
Martha Lenze	A Little On the Lonely Side	Dancina	. Old Spice
Mary Krellner	Whispering	Ice Skatina	. Charles of the Ritz
Mary McMackin	Embraceable You	Tennis	. Coty's Emedurade
Mary Alyce Lenze	I Dream of You	.Dancing	. Evening in Funs
Theresa Leithner	Don't Fence Me In	. Reading	Livening in Fairs
Sarah Schieler	Confessing	Skating	Coty
Martha Meyer	Dancing With a Dolly	.Reading	Evening in Paris

Irene Wortman.

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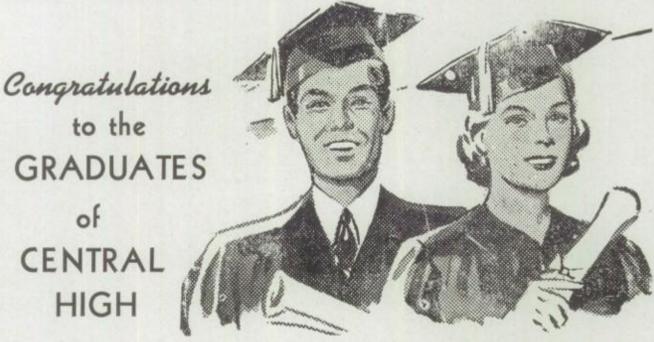
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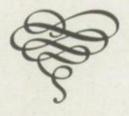
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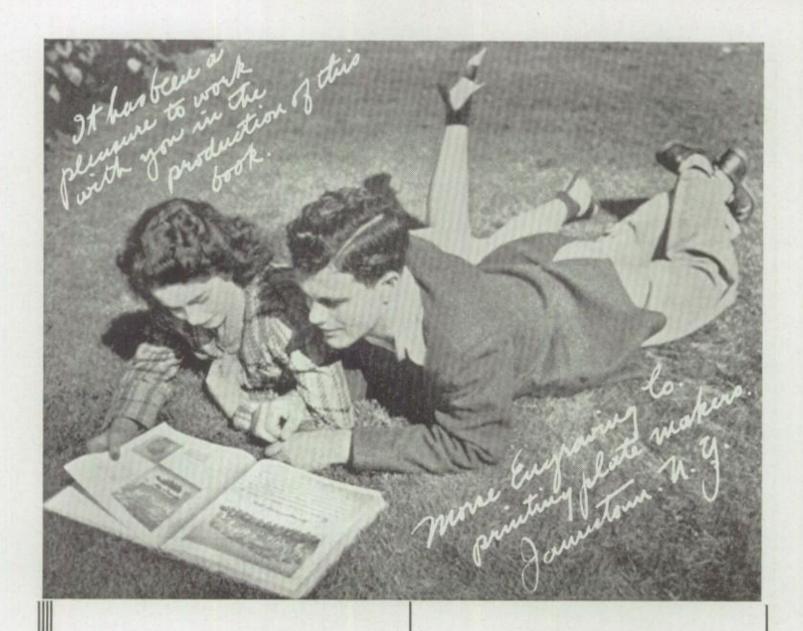
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